

Children's Stories And Pictures

Vladimir Suteev

Chicken and Duck
Three Kittens
Under the mushroom
Who said MEOW?
Wheels of Various Sizes
The Canoe
The Magic Stick
Apple Tree
The Mouse and the Pencil
The Rooster And The Colors
The Cross Cat
The Fir Tree
Duck Duck Goose

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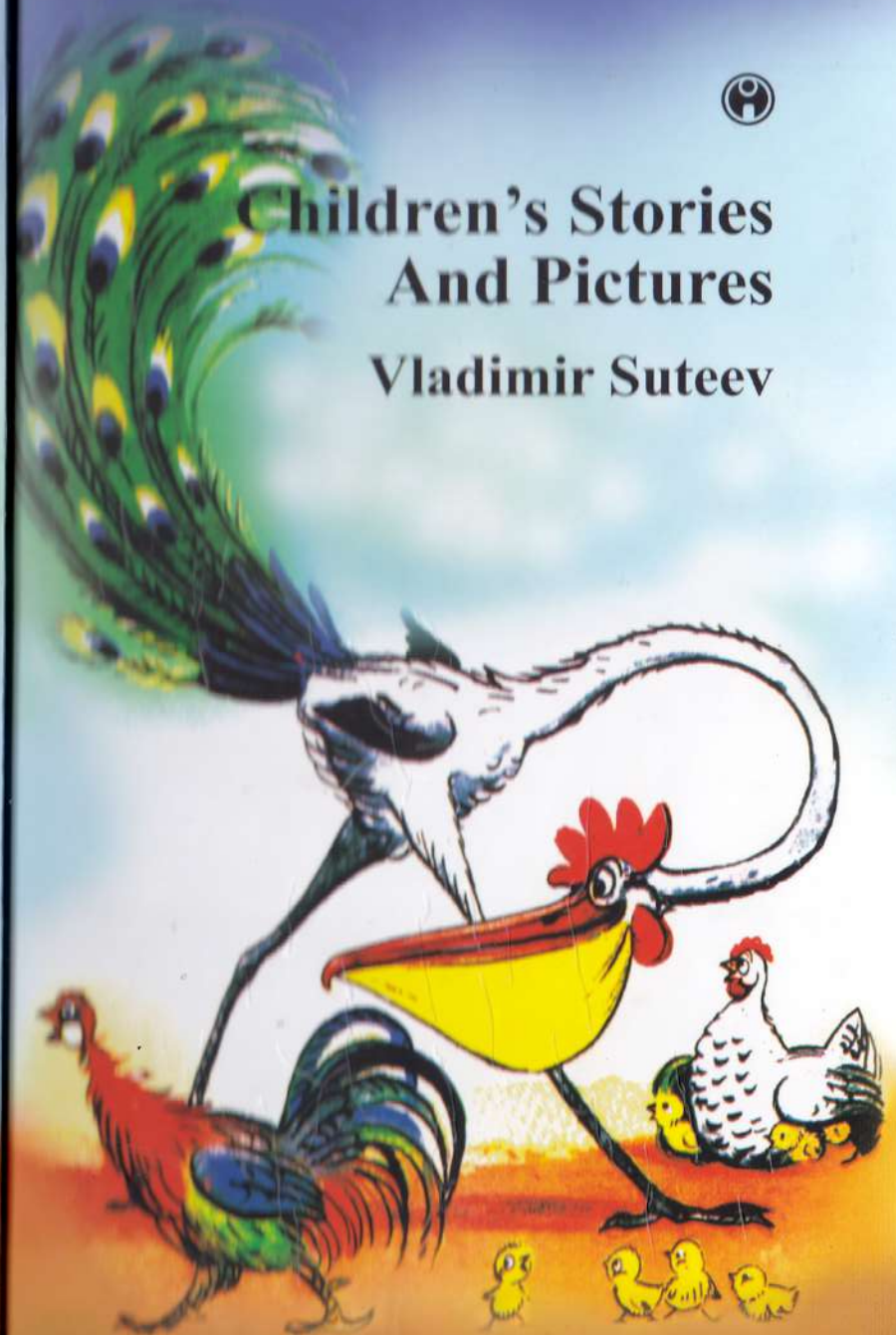
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(English)

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Those fantastic Soviet Books Again

As if we still have those first memories of the books from the fabulous Soviet Union, which were once so extensively translated here, as Earth - books of beautiful fairy-tales, exciting scientific facts and enchanting illustrations which made the reader learn. They left in us an indelible impression and an unforgettable desire to read them again. A desire that is now being fulfilled.

Children's Stories And Pictures Vladimir Suteev

During the translation of this volume, the reader follows the depth and breadth of a great nation's rich cultural heritage. These children's books are presented in translation and carry a message and story in language. These books are beautiful and are intended for the pleasure of readers.

The language is simple and easy to understand. The books are written in a simple and easy to understand language. The books are written in a simple and easy to understand language.

You will find that the books are written in a simple and easy to understand language. The books are written in a simple and easy to understand language.

Let us present you again these beautiful Soviet books with pictures and text.



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Those fantastic Soviet Books Again

“All of us still have those fond memories of the books from the erstwhile Soviet Union, which were once extensively circulated here, in Kerala - books of fabulous tales, riveting scientific facts and enchanting illustrations which stole the readers' hearts. They left in us an indelible impression and an unforgettable reading experience. An experience still ever-green in us, Malayali diaspora.

As the Union got dissolved, those charming books of tales too vanished, turning them into cherished memories of nostalgia. Yet, readers have relentlessly been looking for those inimitable books. That was why we, the INSIGHT PUBLICA, published a few of them in the same mode. We are grateful and glad to say that readers whole-heartedly backed us in realizing the project.

During the execution of our mission, we could fathom the depth and breadth of a great nation's remarkable literary project. Those sublime Soviet stories traversed in translation into many a nation and many a language. Those books were ubiquitous-not as merchandise, but as products of culture.

The fantastic bolstering that INSIGHT PUBLICA could get is the impetus that drove us daringly to undertake the mission of reprinting and republishing those Soviet works in Indian languages.

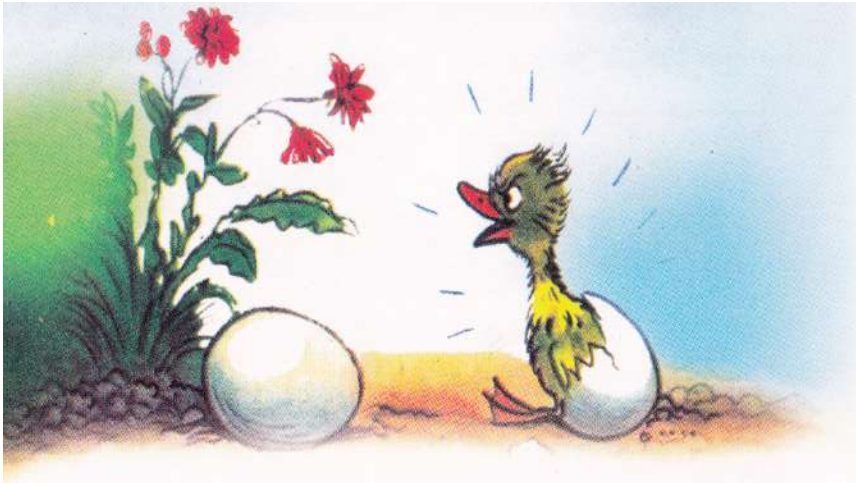
You readers need not anymore be discontented with the scanned copies of these books. INSIGHT PUBLICA will help reach into your hands those very books with the same freshness and warmth.

Let us present you again those fantastic Soviet Stories with humility and pride.”

Sumesh Insight

Chicken and Duck



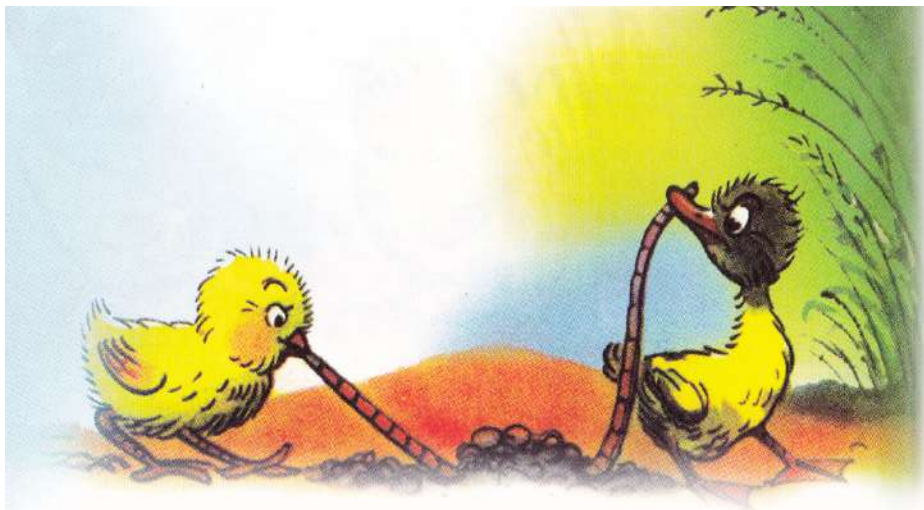


A duckling hatched out of its egg.
 "I am hatched!" it said.
 A chick hatched out of its egg.
 "Me, too!" said the chick.

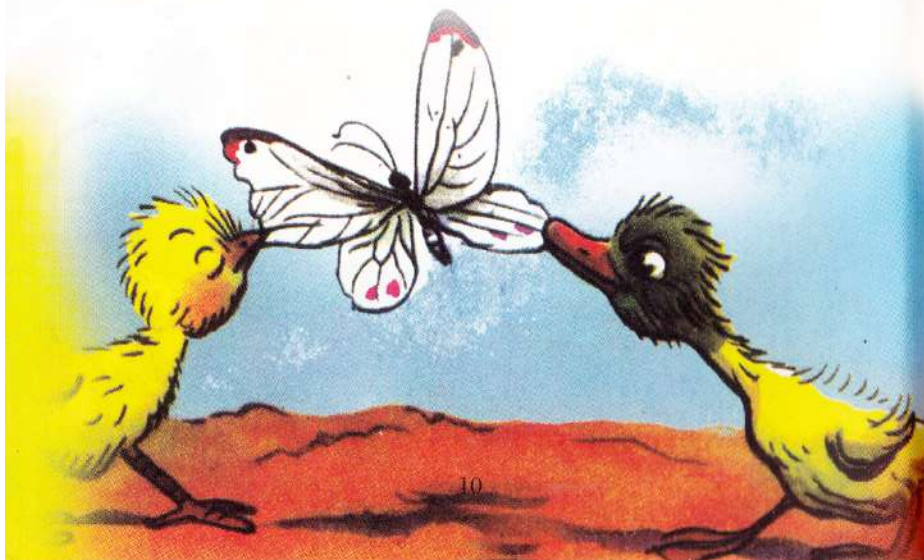


"I'm going for a walk," said the duckling.
 "Me, too," said the chick.
 "I'm digging a hole," said the duckling.
 "Me, too," said the chick.

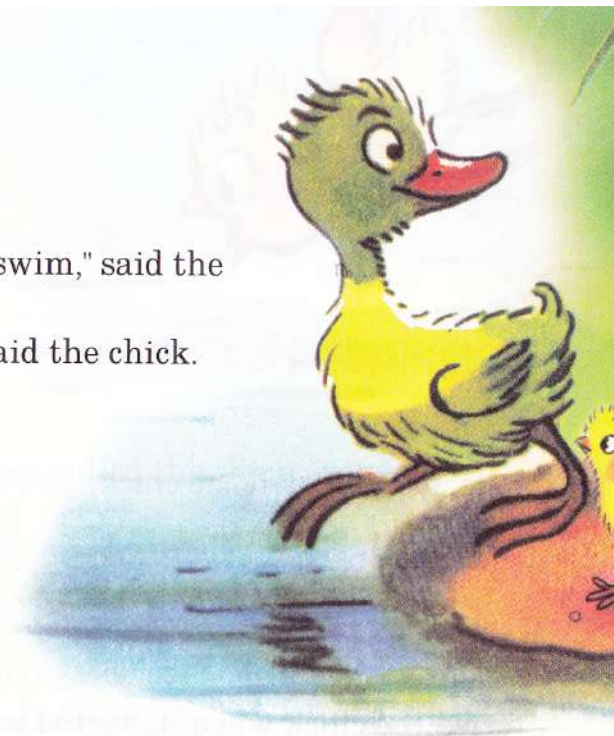




"I've found a worm," said the duckling.
 "Me, too," said the chick.
 "I've caught a butterfly," said the duckling.
 "Me, too," said the chick.



"I want to swim," said the
 duckling.
 "Me, too," said the chick.



"Look, I'm swimming!"
 said the duckling.





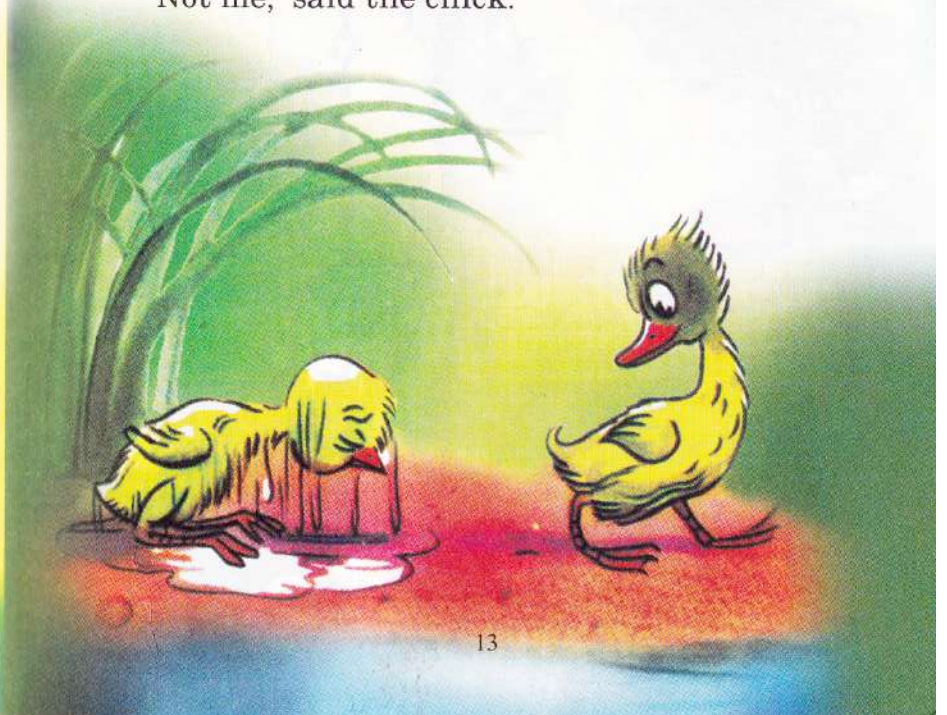
"Me, too," shouted the chick.

"Help!"
cried the chick when it started to drown.



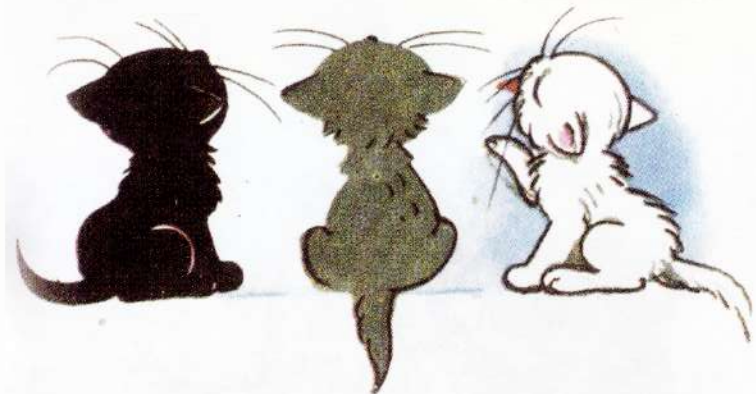
The duckling pulled the chick out of the pond.

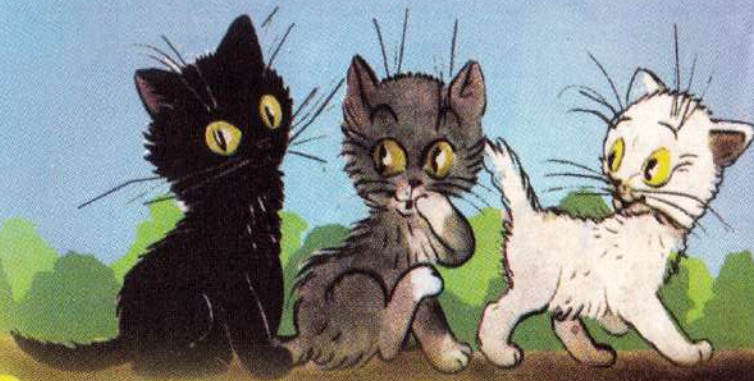
"I'm going in again," said the duckling.
"Not me," said the chick.





Three Kittens





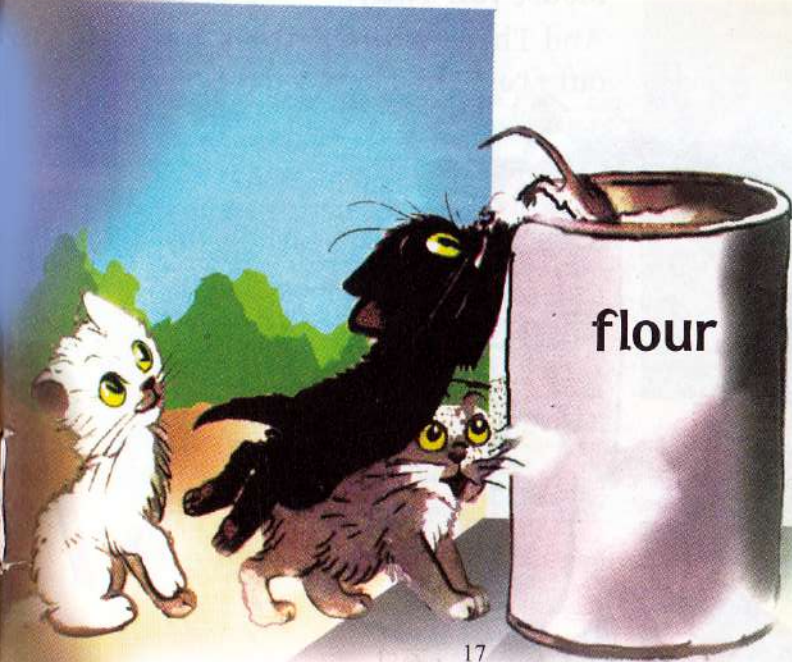
Three Kittens - Black, Gray and White have seen a mouse and chased after it.



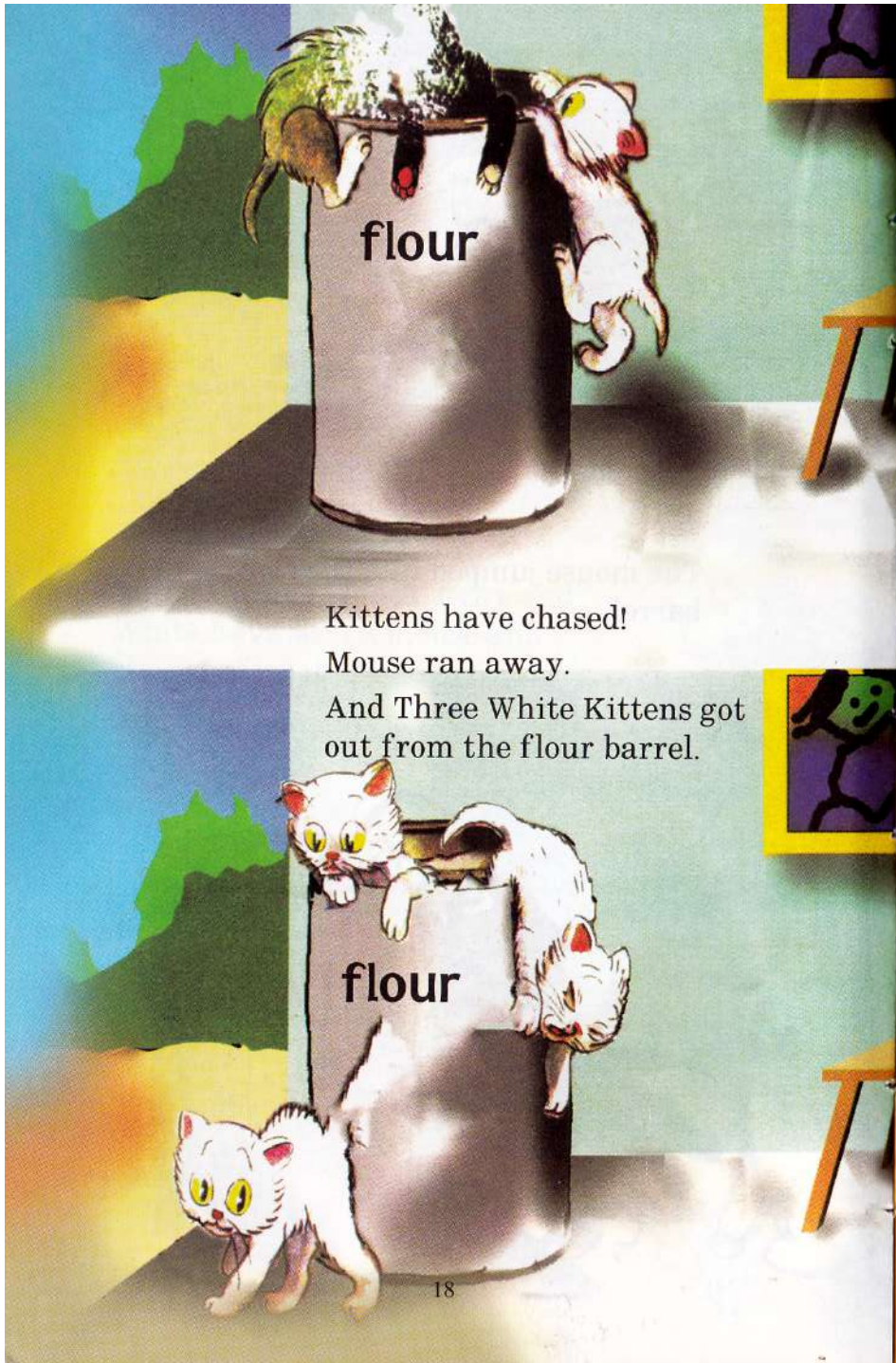
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The mouse jumped into the flour barrel.



17

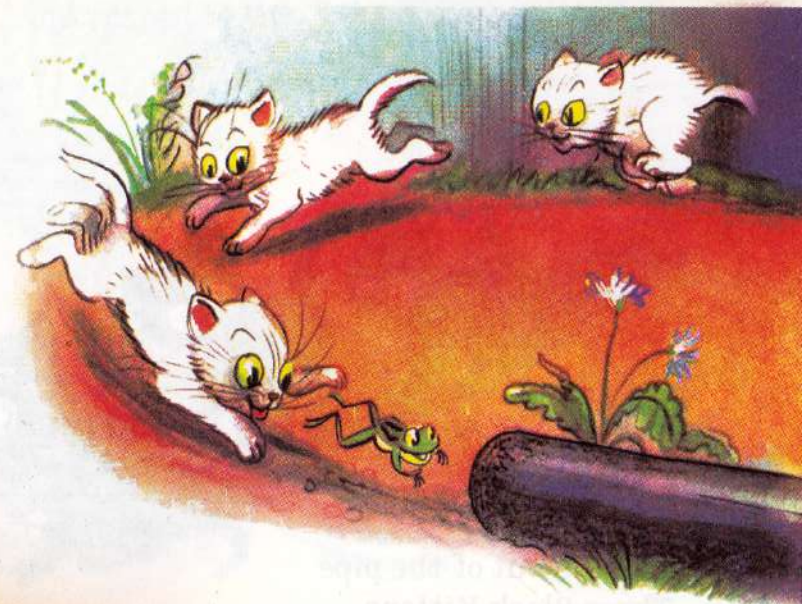


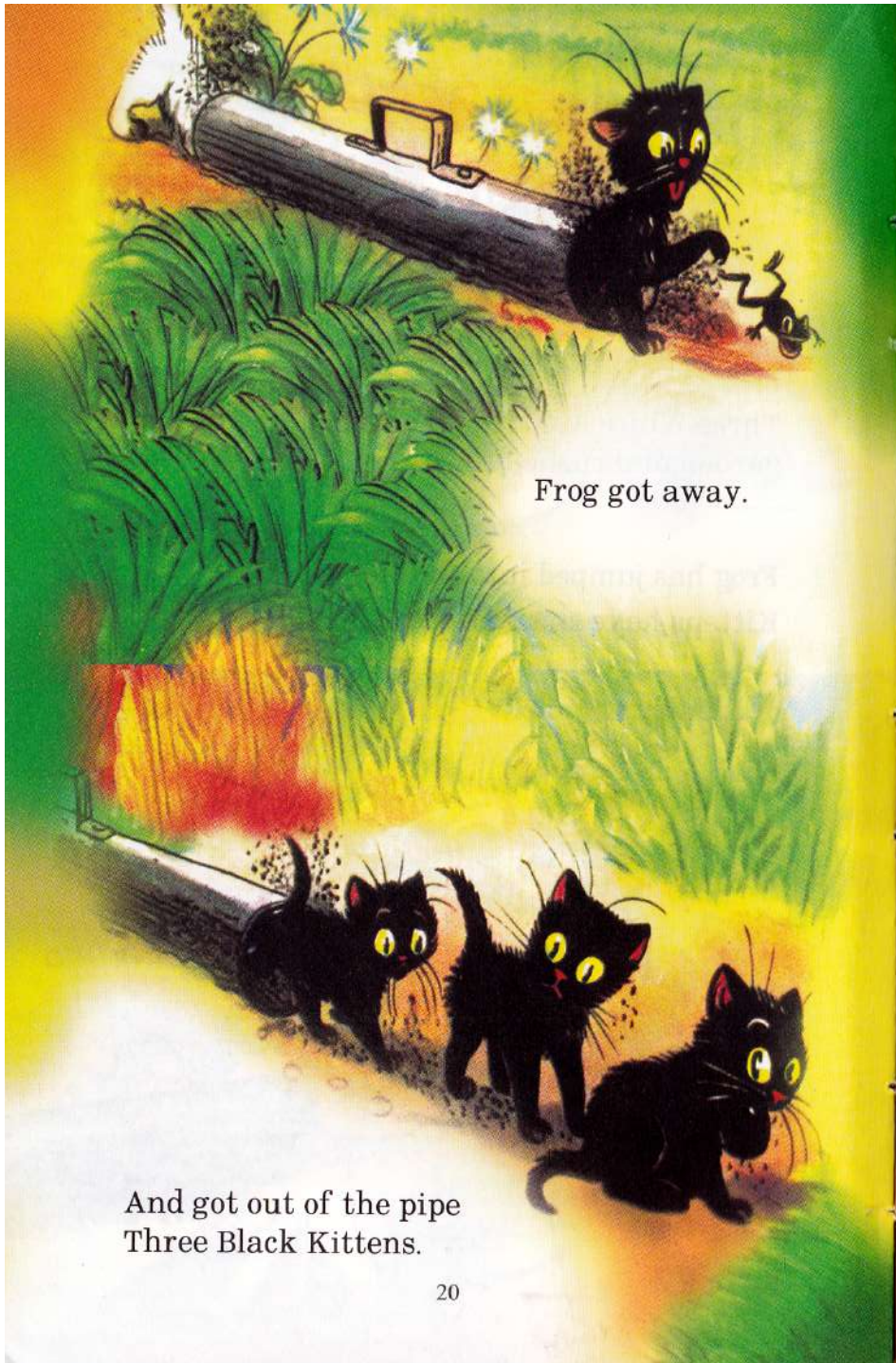
Kittens have chased!
Mouse ran away.
And Three White Kittens got
out from the flour barrel.



Three White Kittens have seen a frog in the
garden and rushed for it.

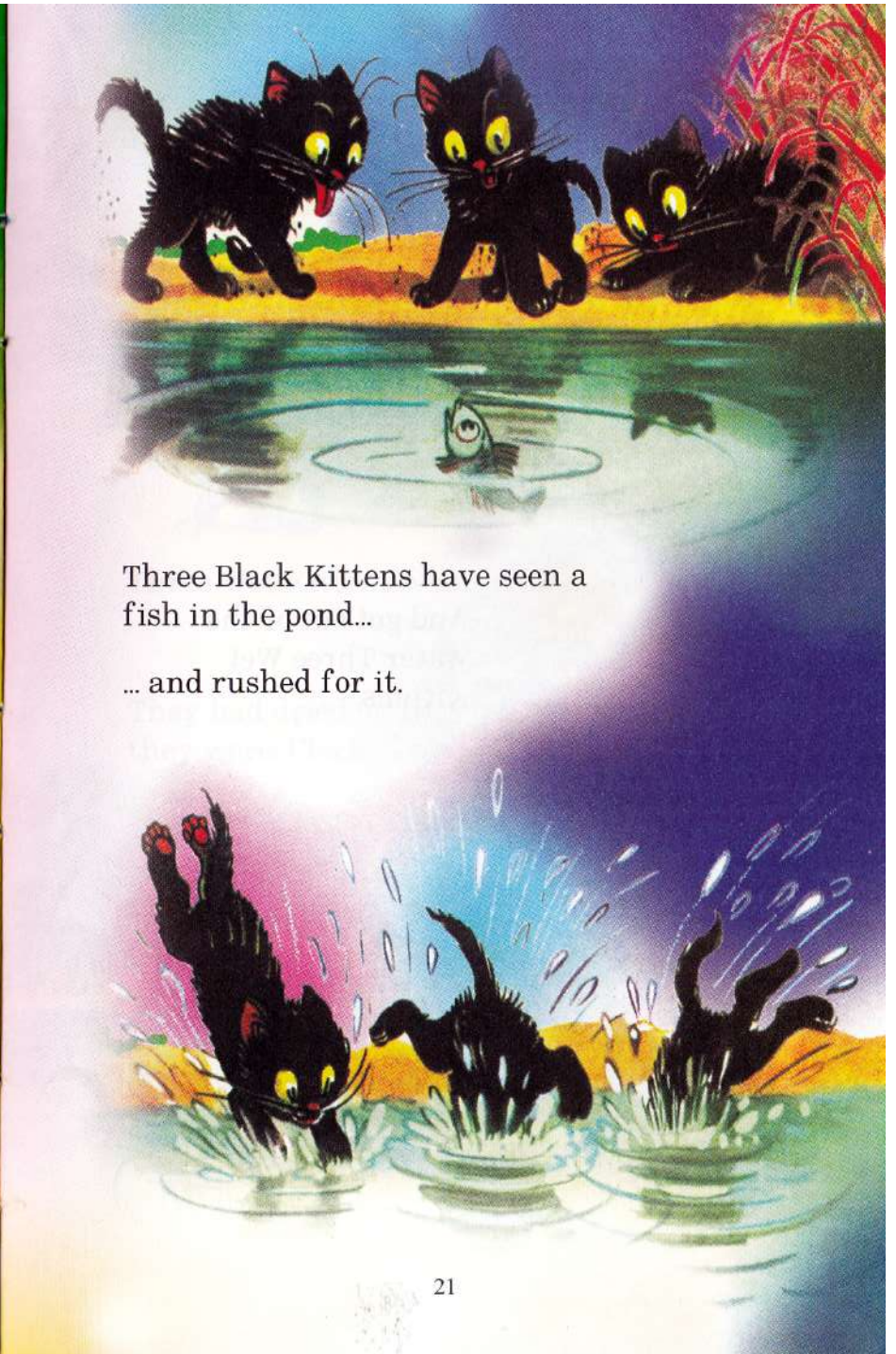
Frog has jumped into the old pipe.
Kittens have chased.





Frog got away.

And got out of the pipe
Three Black Kittens.



Three Black Kittens have seen a
fish in the pond...

... and rushed for it.

The fish swum away.



And got out of the
water Three Wet
Kittens.



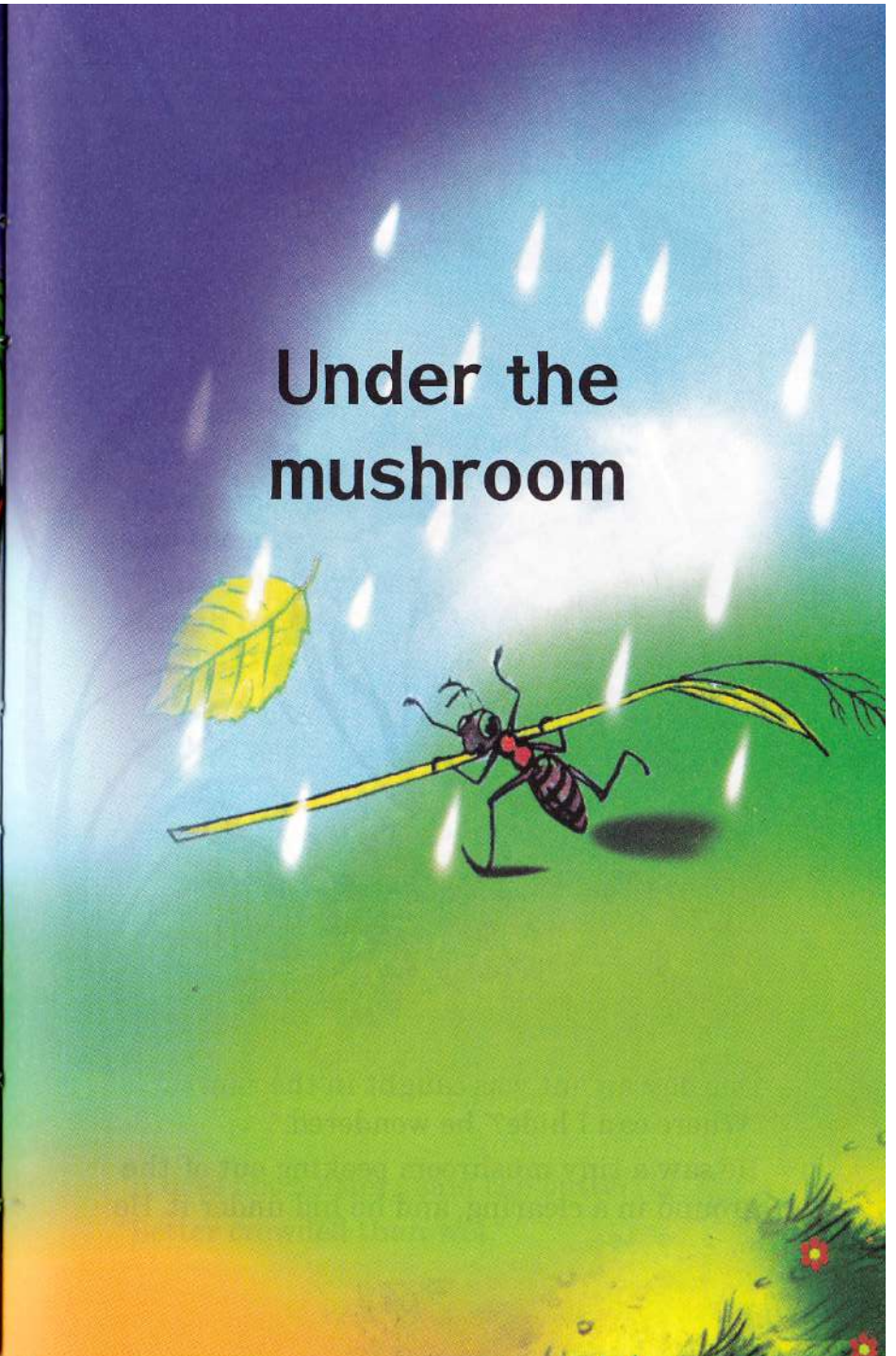
Three Wet Kittens went home.

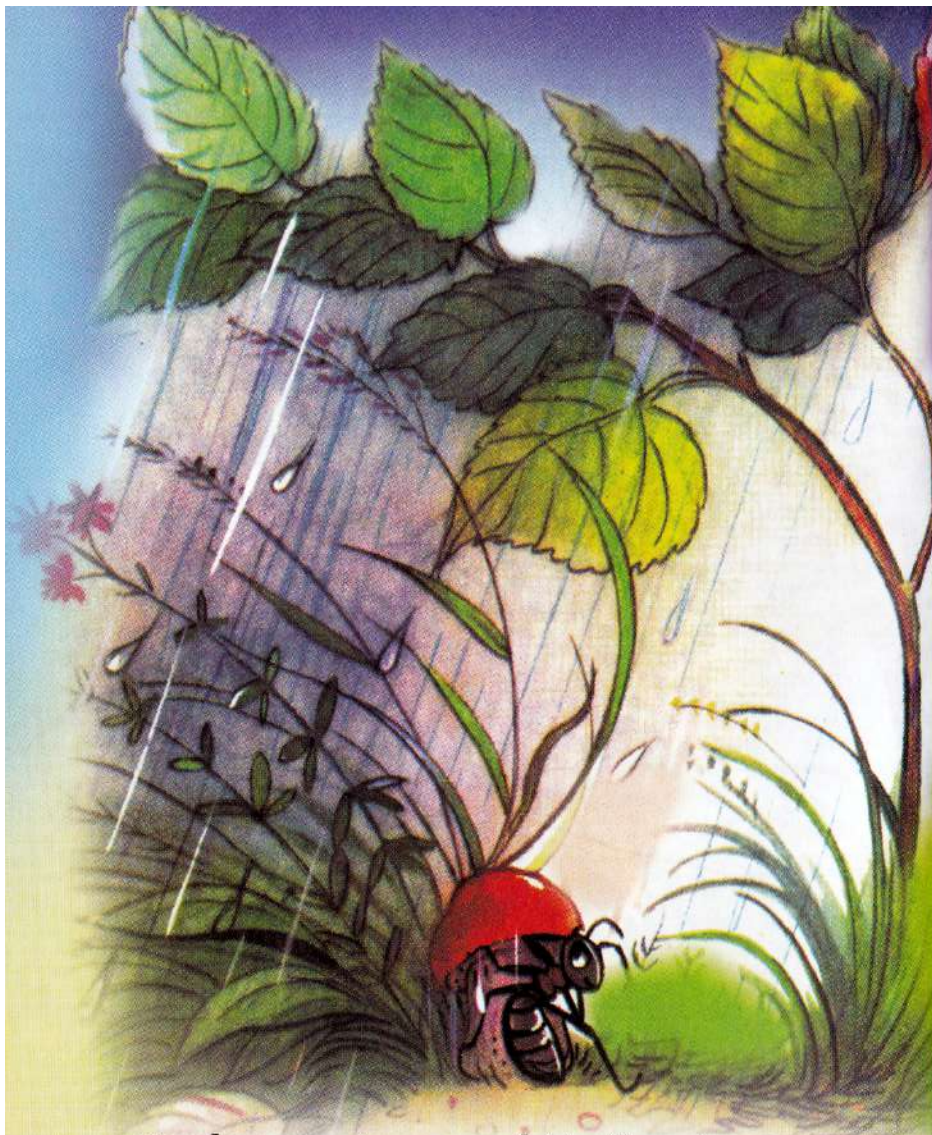
They had dried on the way and become as
they were: Black, Gray and White.





Under the mushroom





One day an ant was caught in the rain.
 "Where can I hide?" he wondered.
 He saw a tiny mushroom peeking out of the
 ground in a clearing, and he hid under it. He

sat there, waiting for the rain
 to stop. But the rain came down
 harder and harder.

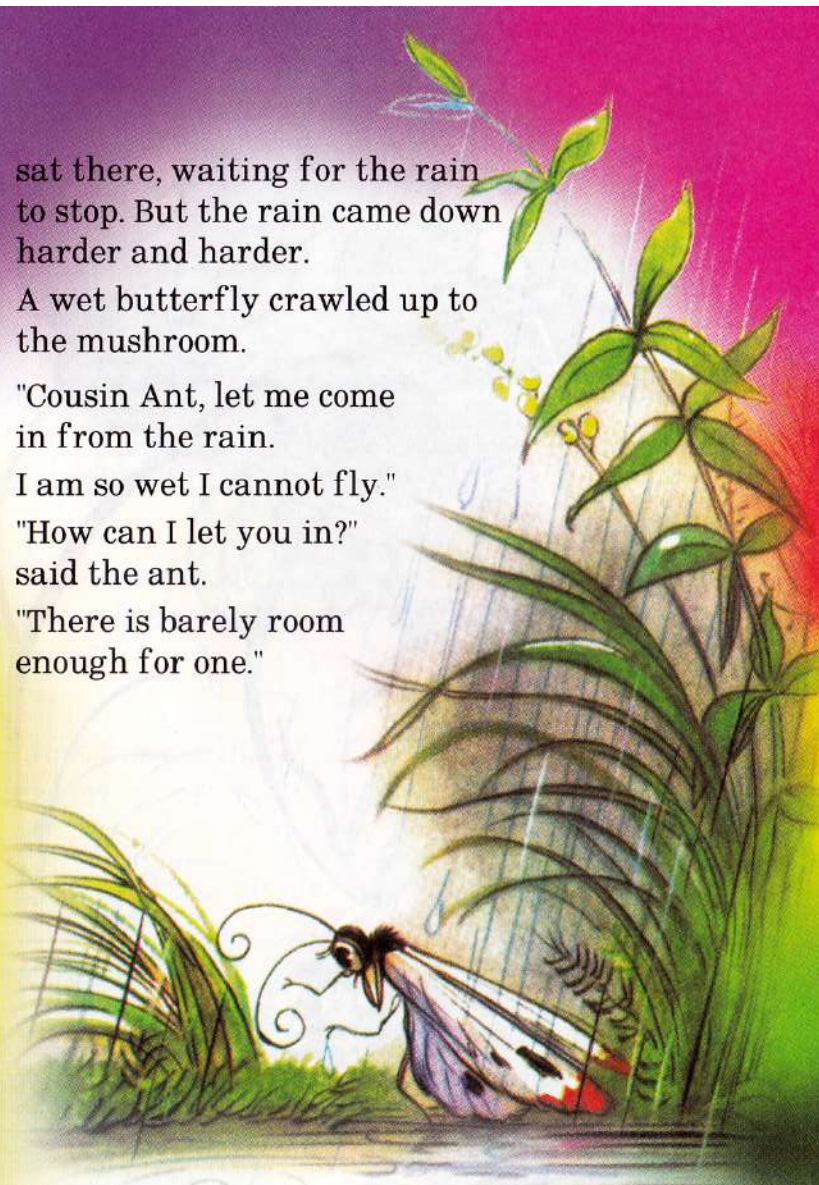
A wet butterfly crawled up to
 the mushroom.

"Cousin Ant, let me come
 in from the rain.

I am so wet I cannot fly."

"How can I let you in?"
 said the ant.

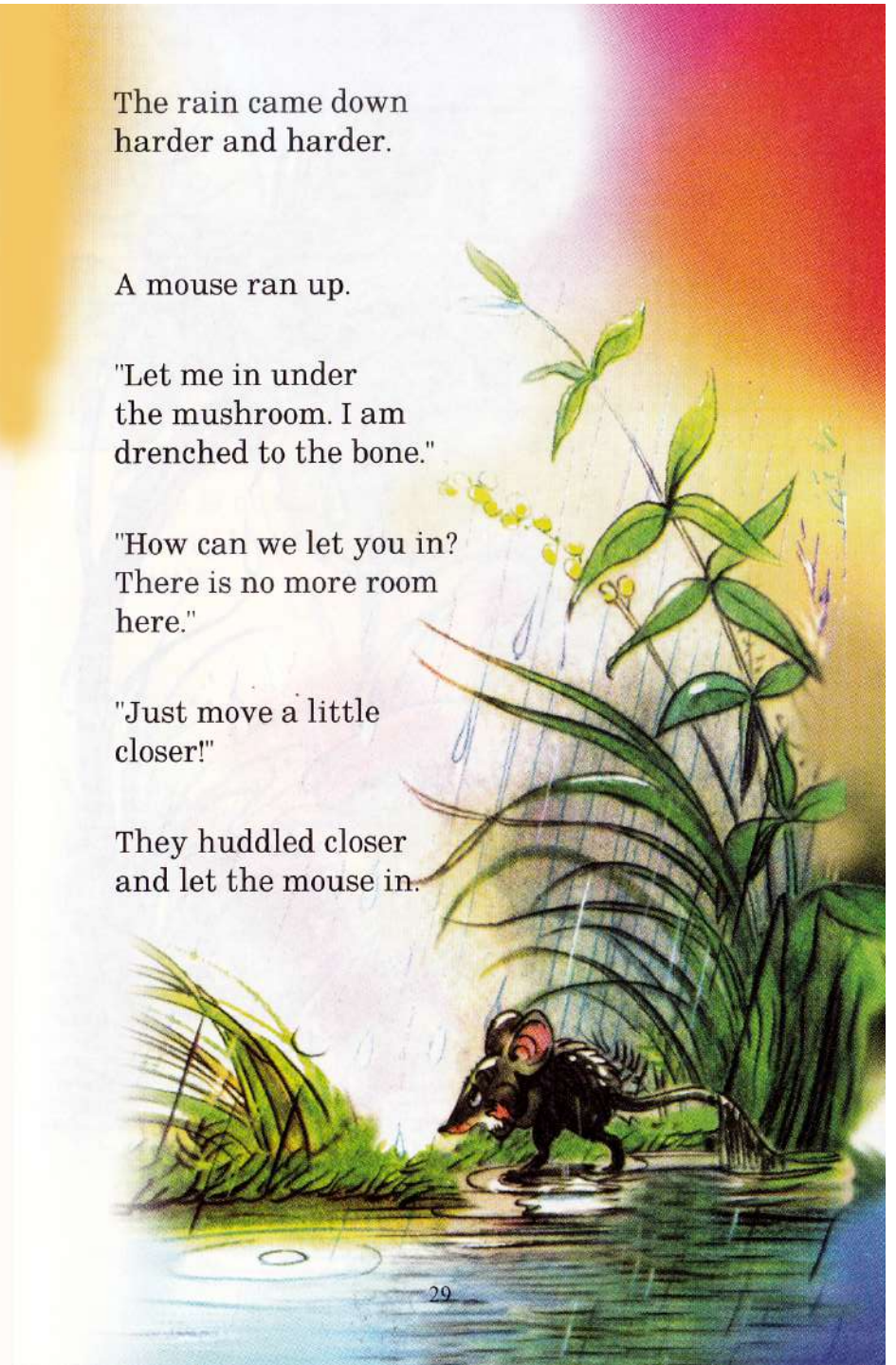
"There is barely room
 enough for one."



"It does not matter," said the butterfly.
 "Better crowded than wet."



The ant moved over and made room for the butterfly.



The rain came down harder and harder.

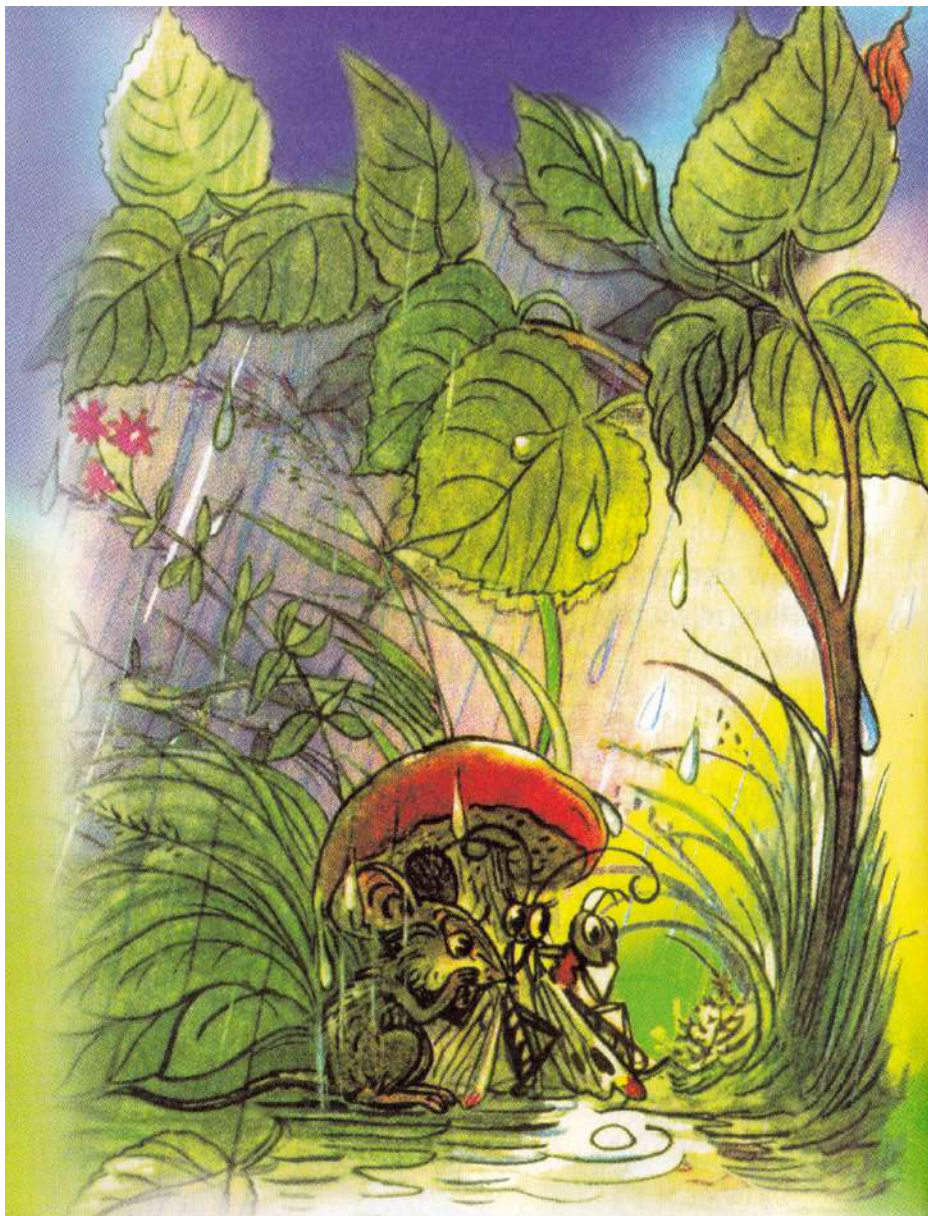
A mouse ran up.

"Let me in under the mushroom. I am drenched to the bone."

"How can we let you in? There is no more room here."

"Just move a little closer!"

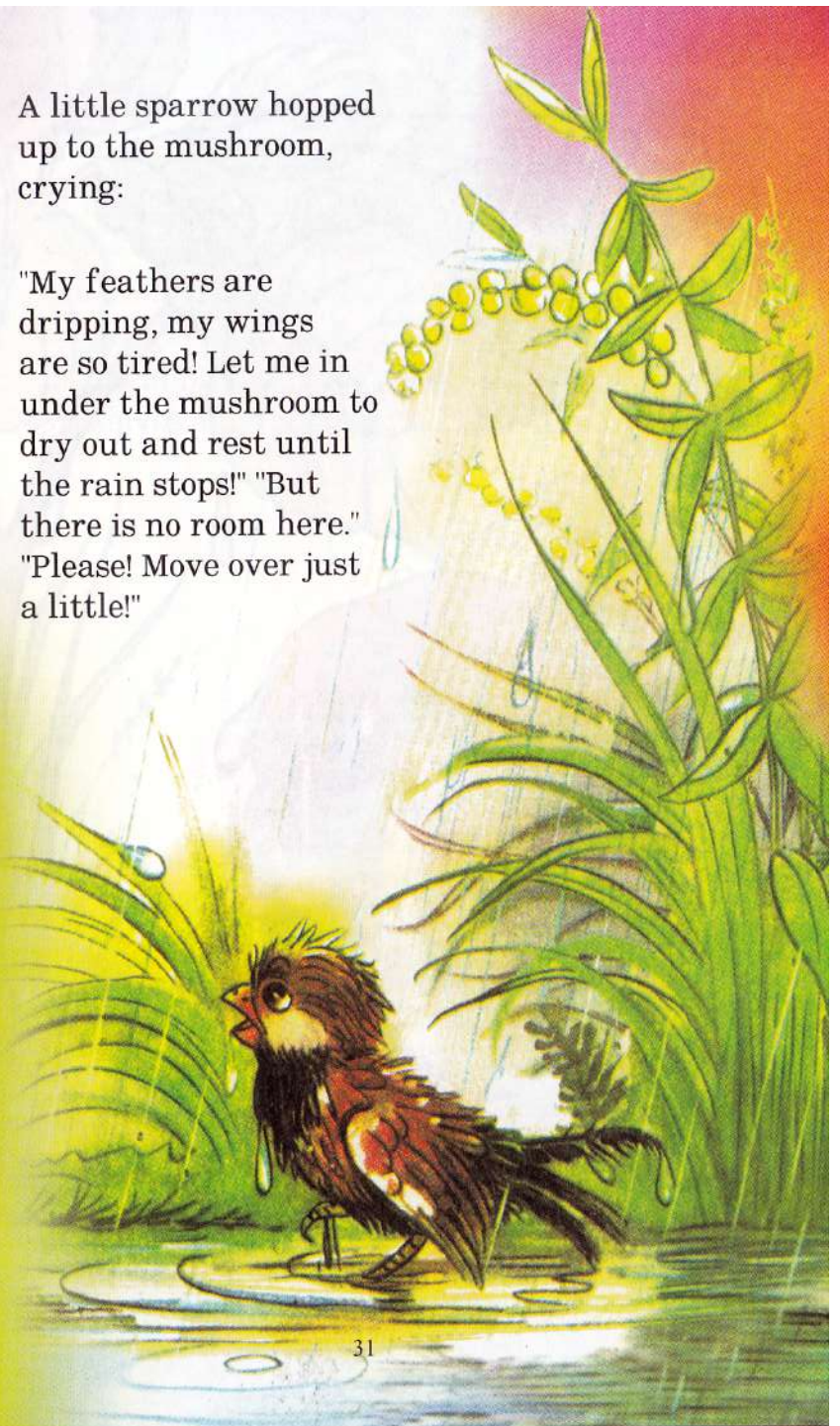
They huddled closer and let the mouse in.



And the rain came down and came down
and would not stop.

A little sparrow hopped
up to the mushroom,
crying:

"My feathers are
dripping, my wings
are so tired! Let me in
under the mushroom to
dry out and rest until
the rain stops!" "But
there is no room here."
"Please! Move over just
a little!"



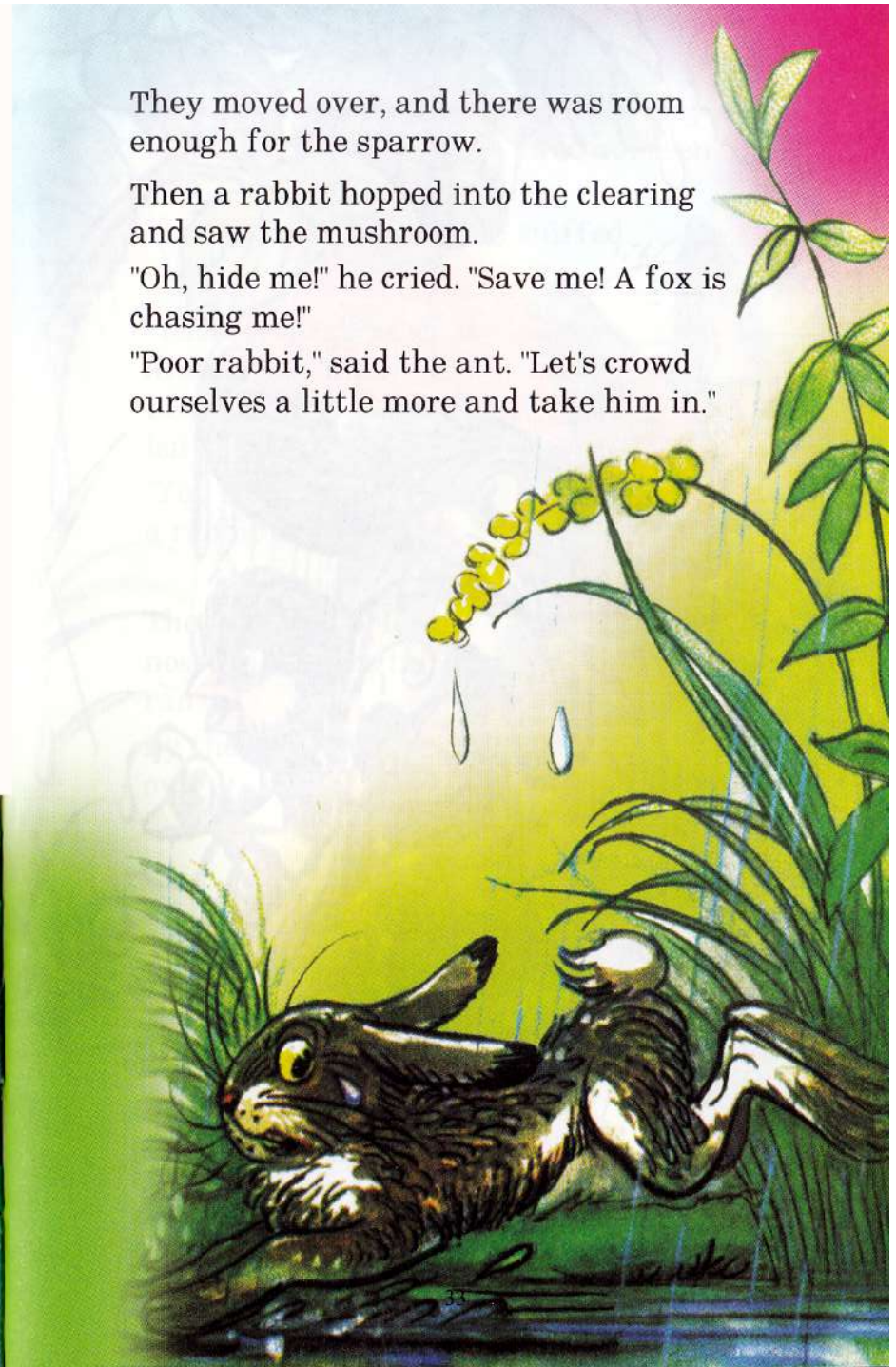


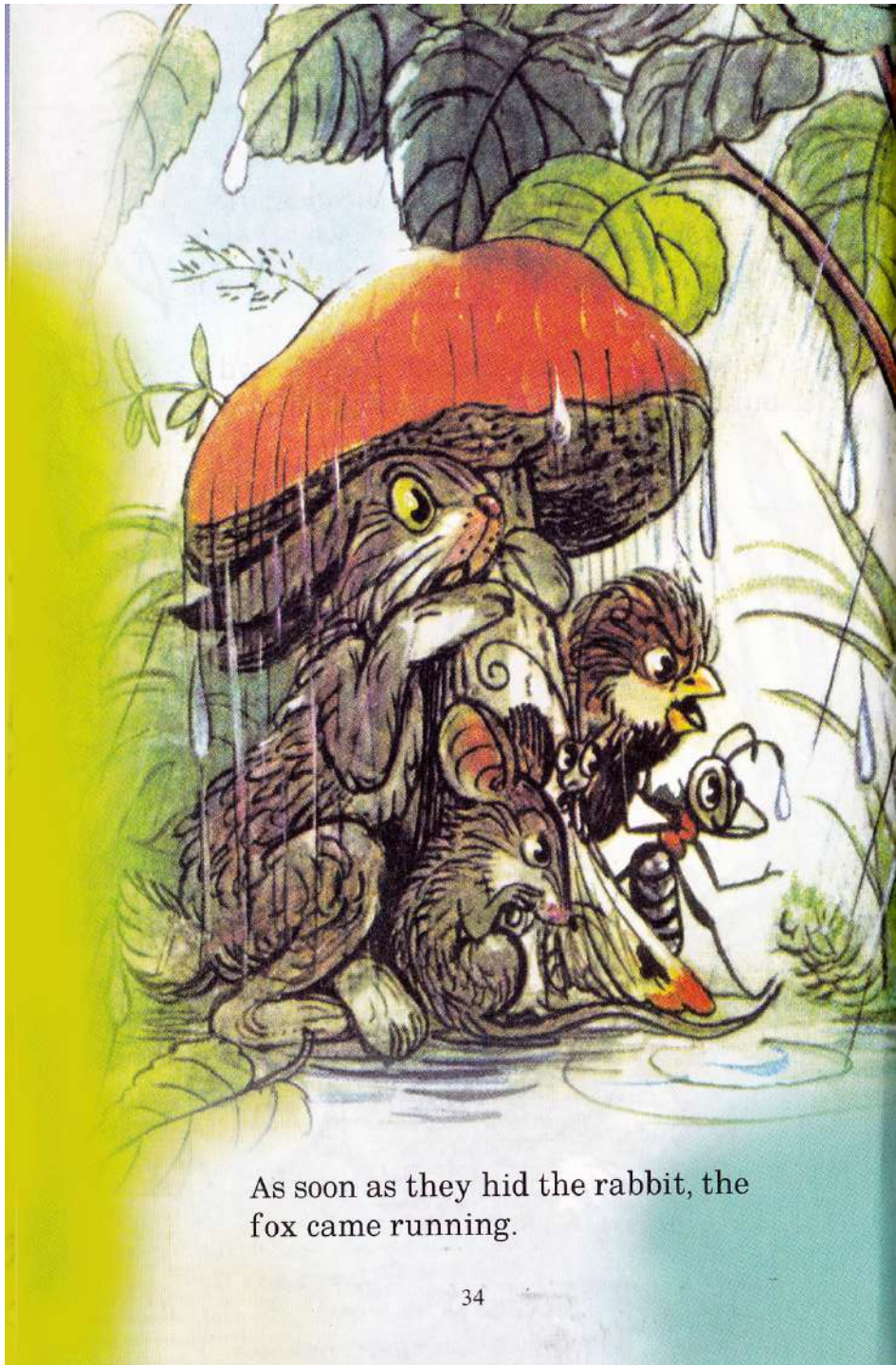
They moved over, and there was room enough for the sparrow.

Then a rabbit hopped into the clearing and saw the mushroom.

"Oh, hide me!" he cried. "Save me! A fox is chasing me!"

"Poor rabbit," said the ant. "Let's crowd ourselves a little more and take him in."





As soon as they hid the rabbit, the fox came running.

"Have you seen the rabbit? Which way did he go?" he asked. "We have not seen him."

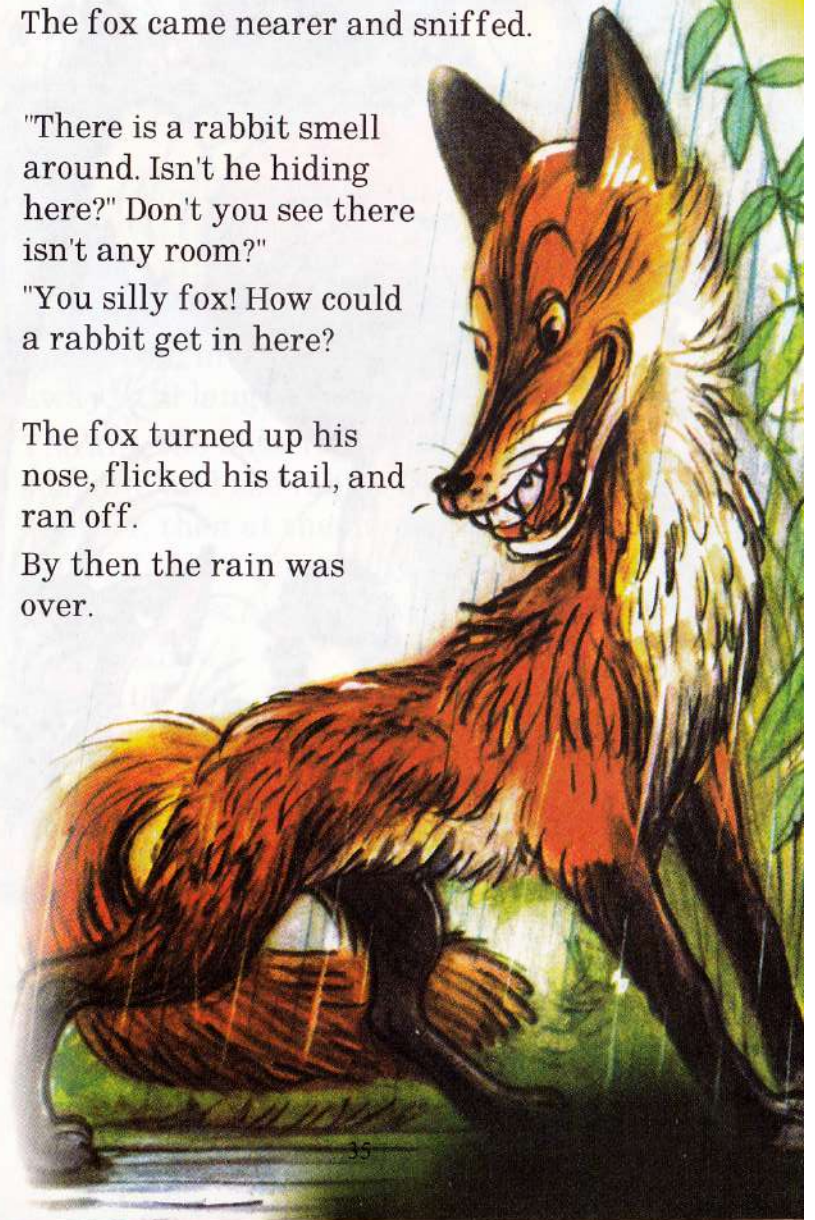
The fox came nearer and sniffed.

"There is a rabbit smell around. Isn't he hiding here?" Don't you see there isn't any room?"

"You silly fox! How could a rabbit get in here?"

The fox turned up his nose, flicked his tail, and ran off.

By then the rain was over.





"How could this be? At first I had hardly room enough under the mushroom just for myself, and in the end all five of us were able to sit under it."

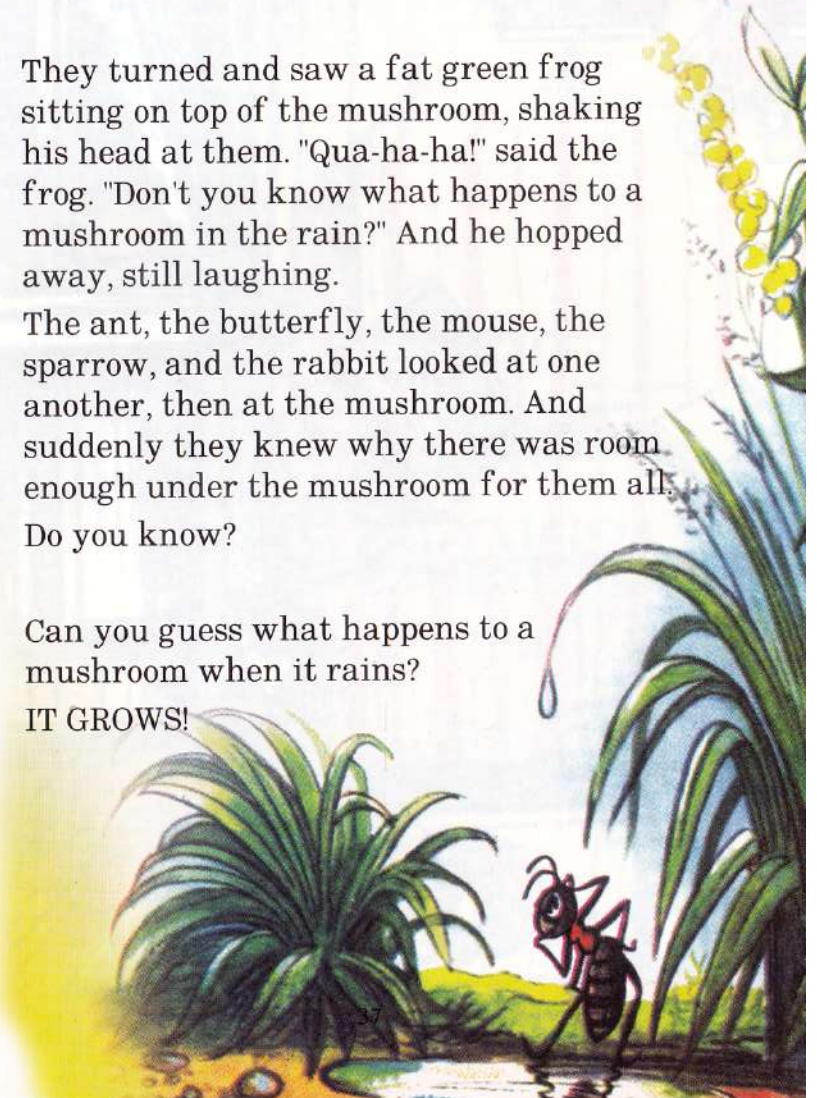
"Qua-ha-ha! Qua-ha-ha!" somebody laughed loudly behind them.

They turned and saw a fat green frog sitting on top of the mushroom, shaking his head at them. "Qua-ha-ha!" said the frog. "Don't you know what happens to a mushroom in the rain?" And he hopped away, still laughing.

The ant, the butterfly, the mouse, the sparrow, and the rabbit looked at one another, then at the mushroom. And suddenly they knew why there was room enough under the mushroom for them all. Do you know?

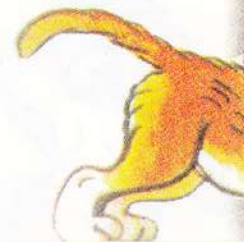
Can you guess what happens to a mushroom when it rains?

IT GROWS!





**Who
said
MEOW?**



One morning, Puppy
was sleeping a sweet
puppy sleep. Just above
his ears, he heard
someone say,

"MEOW."



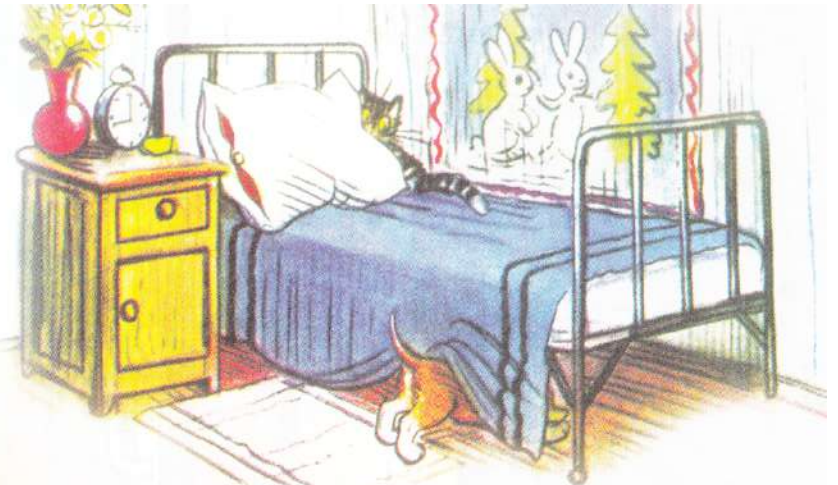
"It must have been a
dream," he said, and he
went back to sleep.

"MEOW."



Puppy couldn't sleep any
more. He had to see who was
making that noise.

40



He looked under the table.

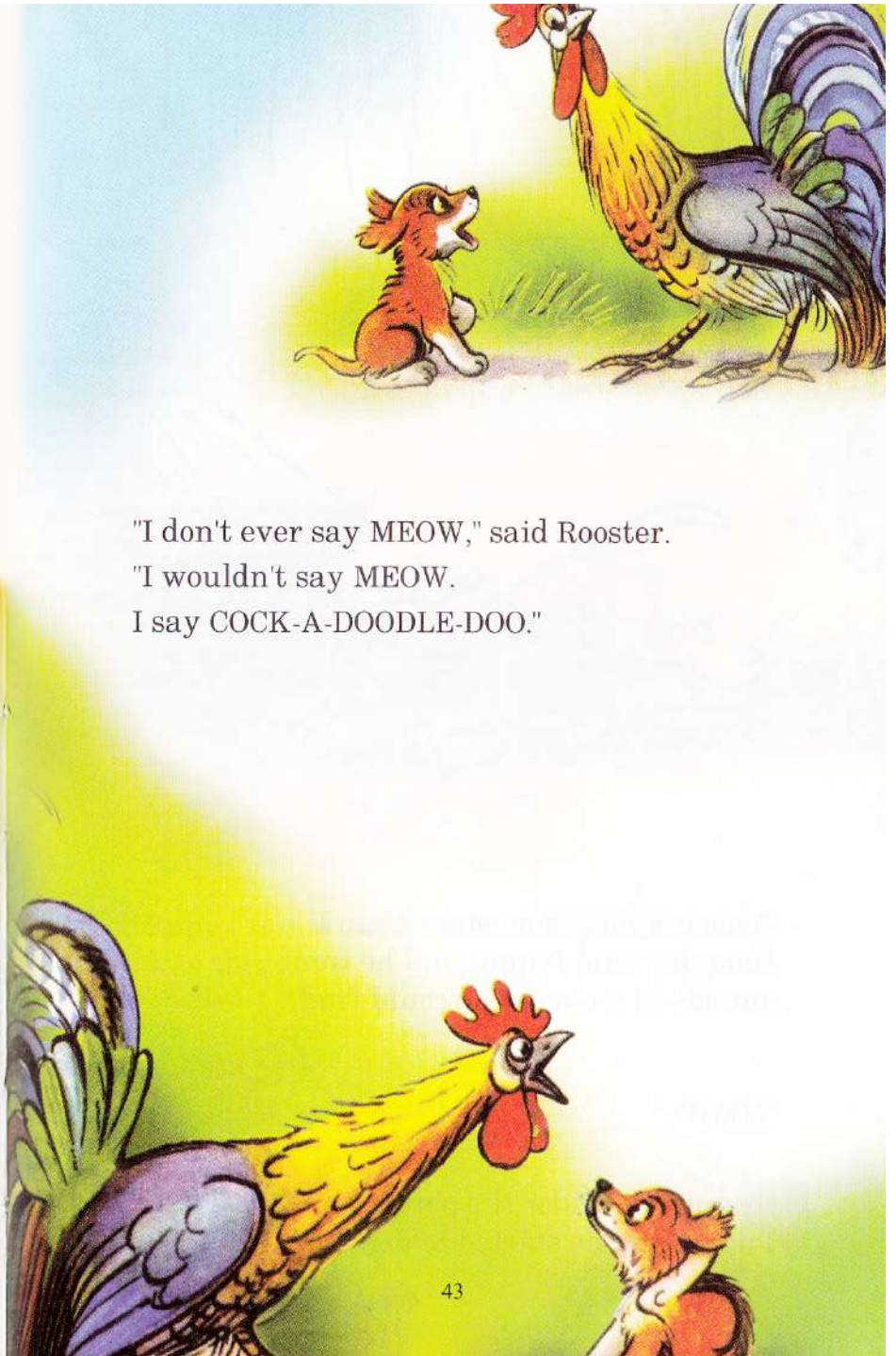
He looked under the bed.



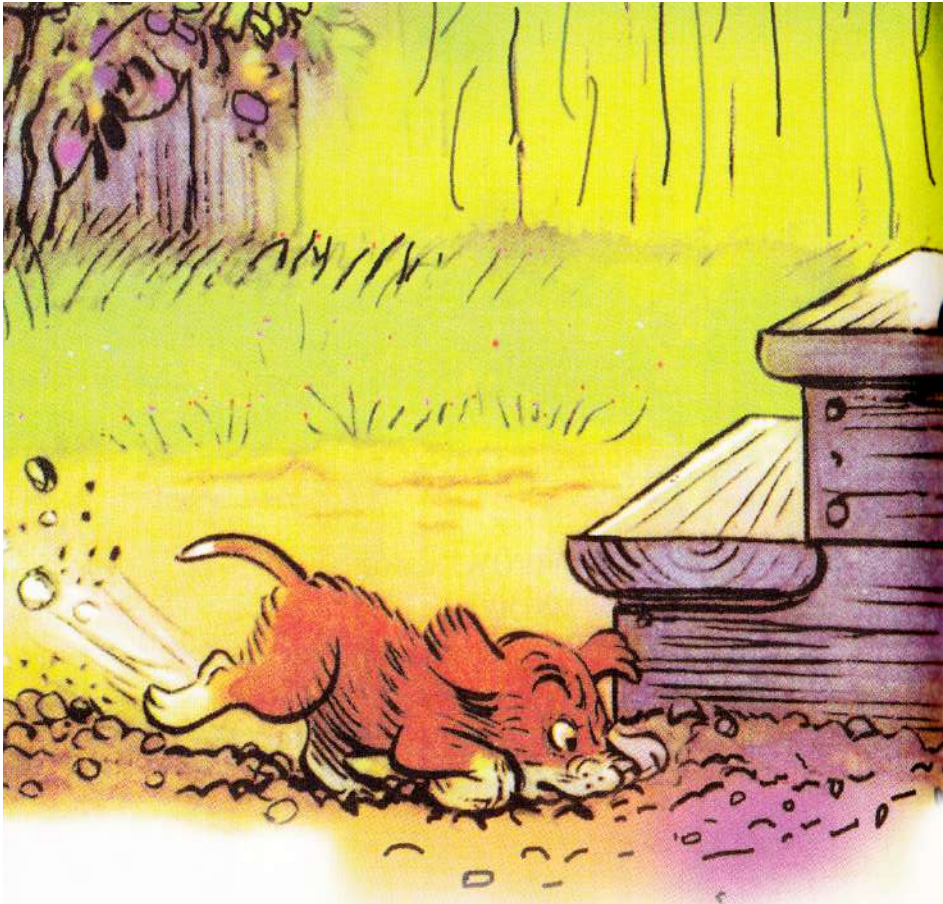
41



Then he climbed up on the windowsill and looked outside. Rooster was out for a stroll. "Did you say MEOW?" asked Puppy.



"I don't ever say MEOW," said Rooster.
"I wouldn't say MEOW.
I say COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO."



"This is a bigger mystery than I thought," said Puppy, and he went outside to see what he could find.

"MEOW."

"It must be under the porch," said Puppy, and he started to dig.



"Did you say MEOW?" said Puppy to scared little Mouse.

"Oh no! I don't say MEOW I say SQUEAK SQUEAK," squeaked Mouse, and he quickly ran away.

Then Puppy heard the sound coming from the big doghouse.

"MEOW"

Puppy ran around the doghouse, but no one was there.





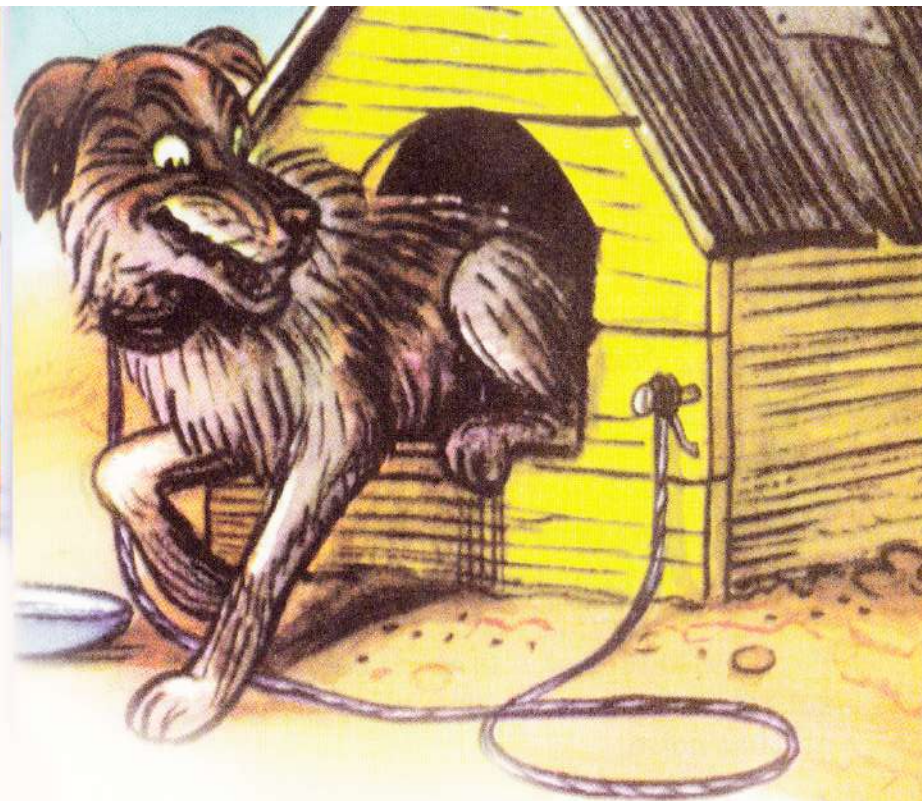
Then he heard another noise.

"It's in there alright! Now I'm going to catch it." And he ran inside.

Big Hairy Dog was in there, and he growled very loudly.

"GRRRRR."

Pardon me. Was it you, perhaps, er, ah, who said MEOW?" asked Puppy.



Big Hairy Dog opened his huge mouth, "GRRRRR GRRRRRR GRRRRROWL!"

Puppy ran as quickly as he could. He hid under a big thick bush. Then right above his ears, he heard it again.

"MEOW."





He peeked out from under the bush, and there right in front of him was fuzzy buzzy Bumble Bee.

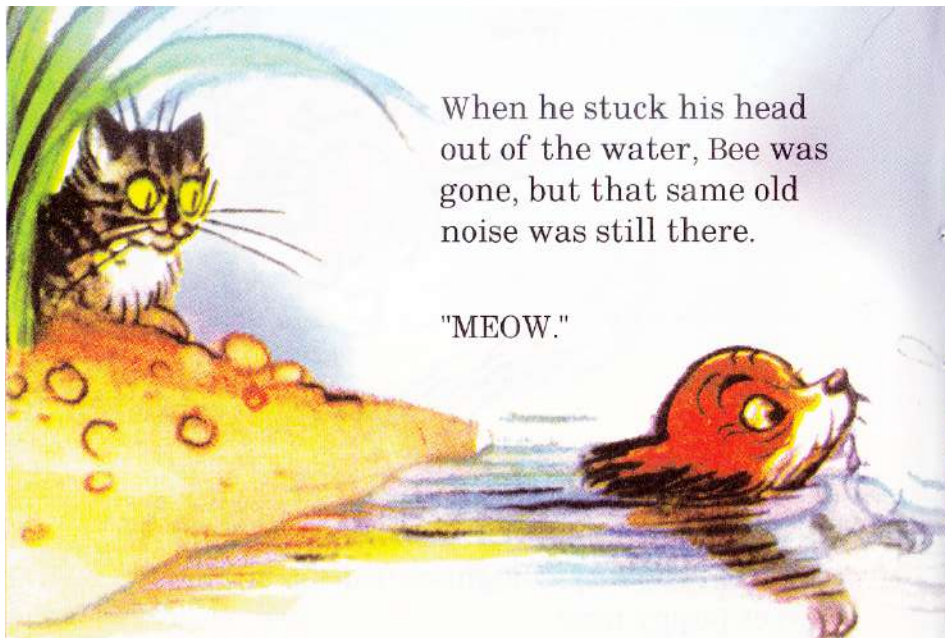
Puppy lifted his paw to catch Bee. He was sure that this was the one who was making all that noise.



Bee got angry. "BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ" it said, and it stung Puppy right on the tip of his sweet puppy nose.

Puppy cried.
He ran to the pond and dove right in.





When he stuck his head out of the water, Bee was gone, but that same old noise was still there.

"MEOW."

"Was that you saying MEOW?" he asked Fish who was swimming by. Fish just flipped his tail and dove deeper into the water.



"CROAK CROAK CROAK," laughed Frog from a nearby lily pad.

"You are dumber than I thought!"

"Well then, I don't suppose it was you that said MEOW?" asked Puppy.

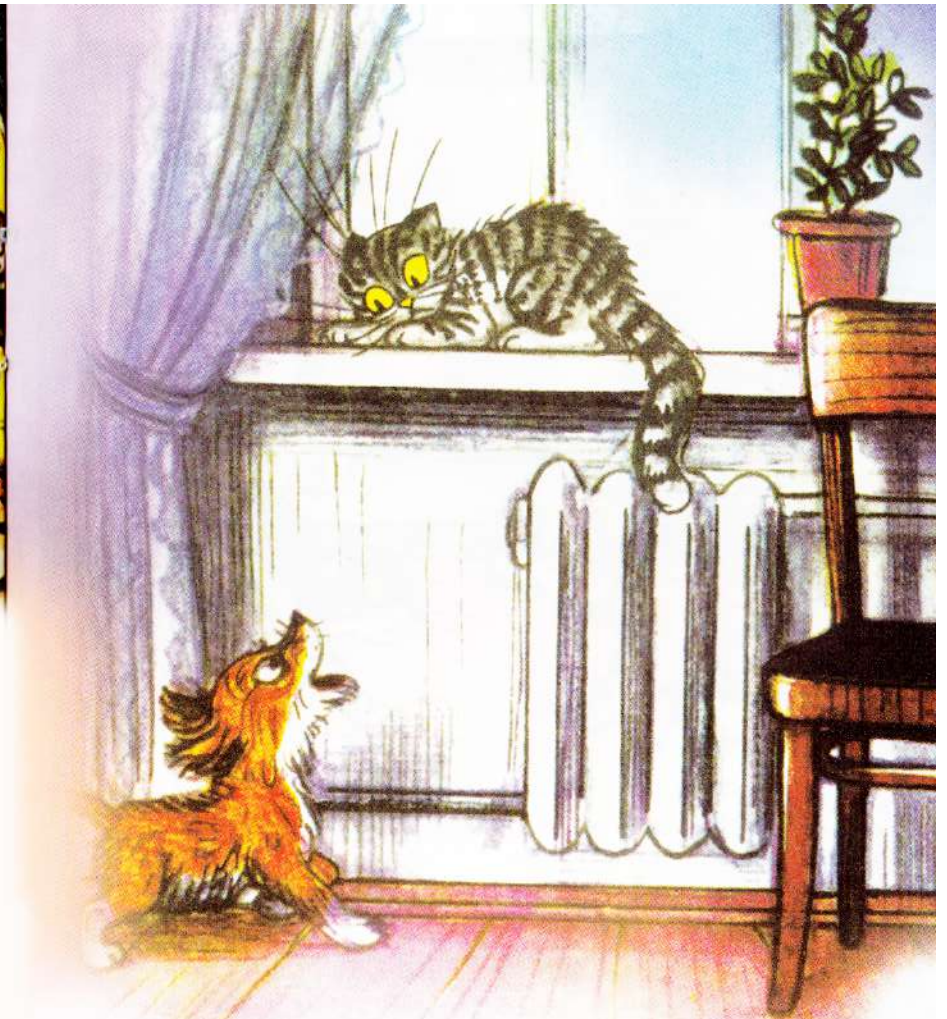
Frog just laughed and jumped into the water.





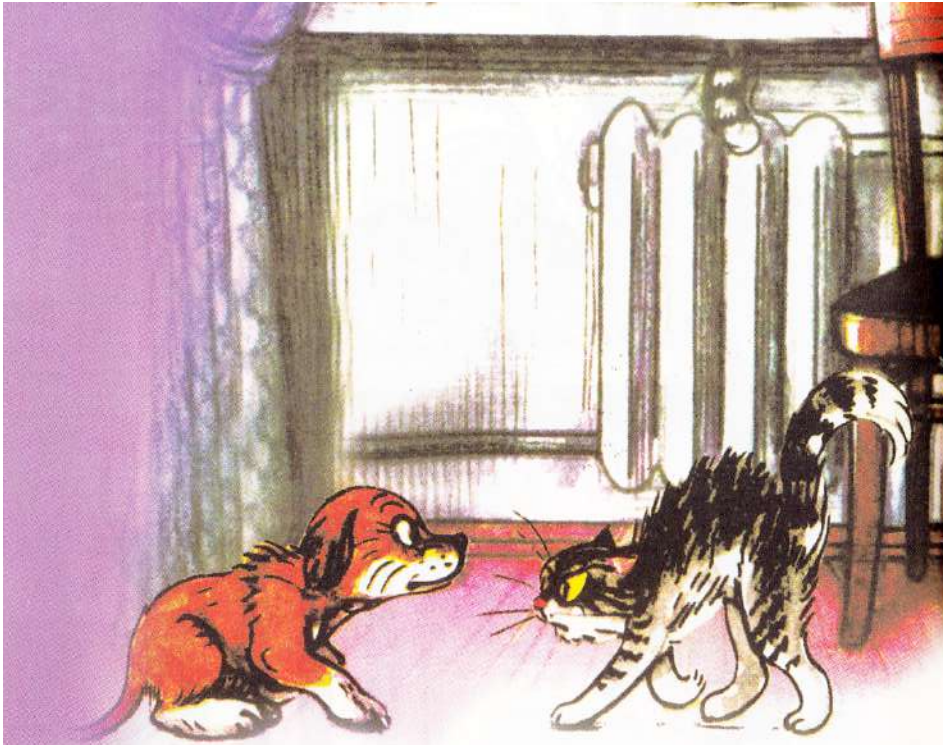
Poor Puppy. His sweet puppy fur was wet,
his sweet puppy nose was swollen, and his
puppy spirit was sad.

He dragged himself home and curled up on
the rug by the sofa and fell into a troubled
puppy sleep.



"MEOW."

Puppy woke up fast. There on the
windowsill was the fluffiest old striped
thing that you would ever want to see....

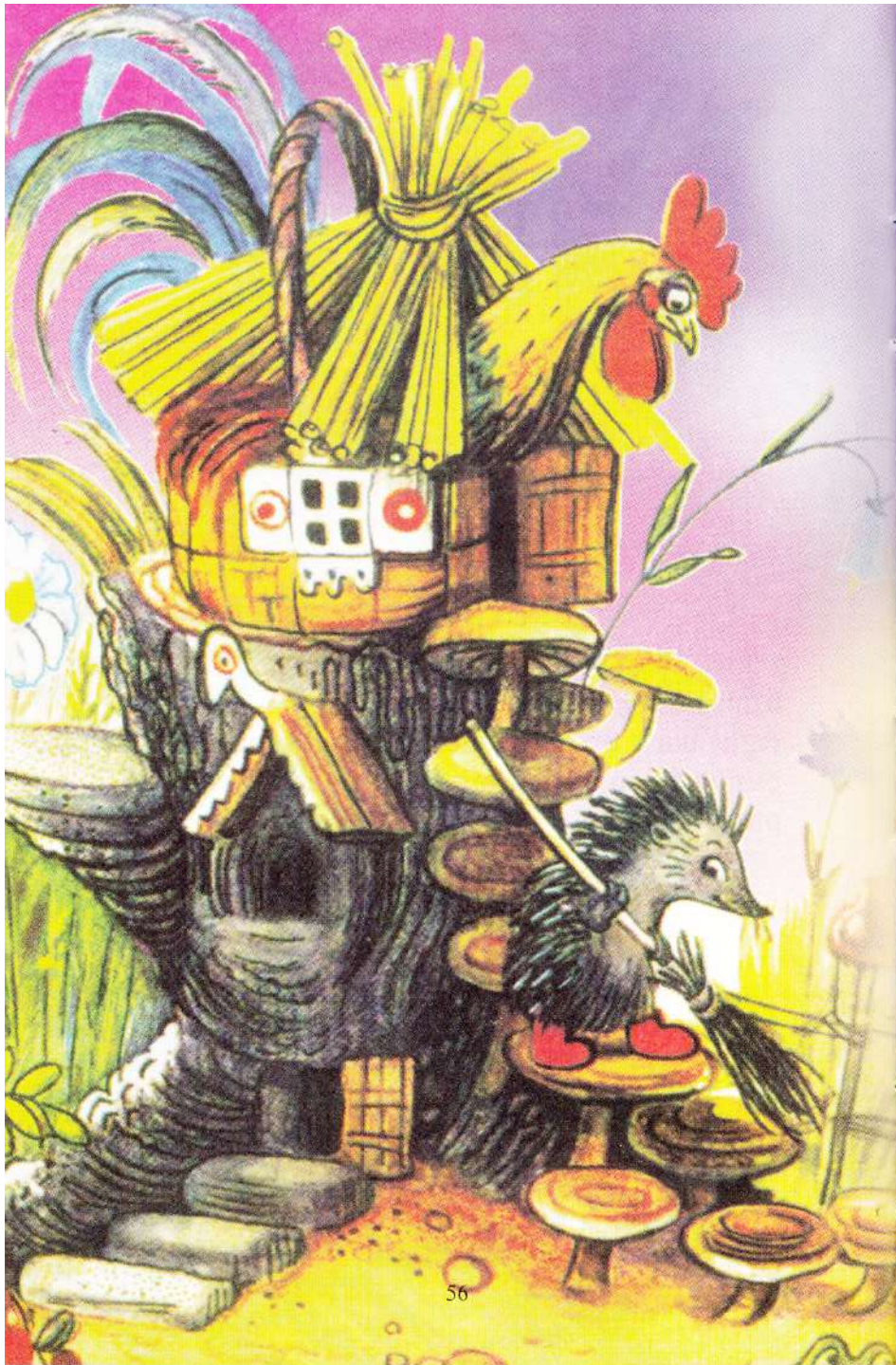


"MEOW," said Cat.



Puppy didn't say a word. He just laid himself right back down and curled himself right back up and went back to his sweet puppy sleep with a big smile on his sweet puppy face.





WHEELS OF VARIOUS SIZES



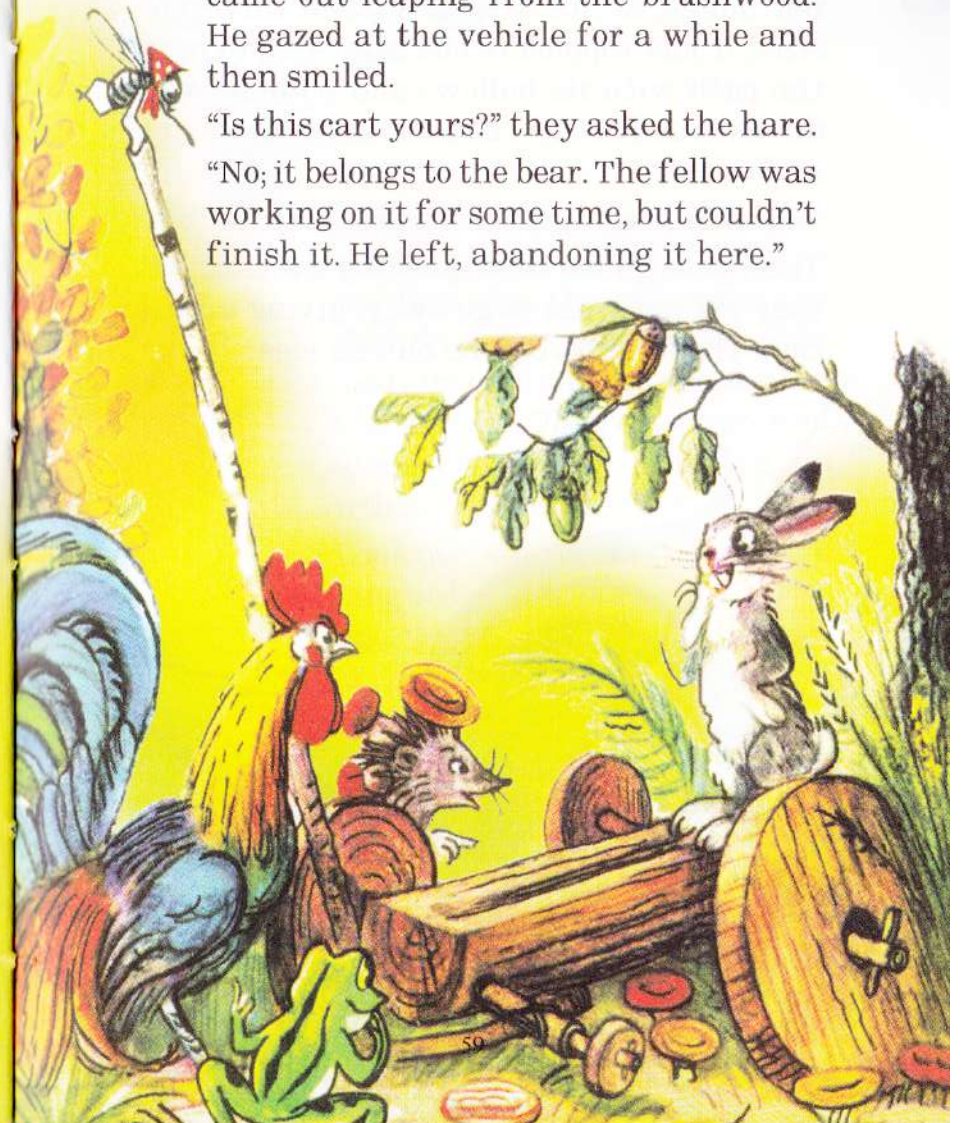


Once upon a time, in a little house atop a stump, there lived a fly, a frog, a rooster and a porcupine. One day they went to the forest to gather fruits, flowers and mushrooms. After traveling far, they reached a clearing. There they happened to see a small cart, the wheels of which were of various sizes: the first wheel was too small, the second a little bigger, the third of medium size and the fourth really very big.



The cart must have been there for a very long time, for there were mushrooms growing underneath it. The fly, the frog, the rooster and the porcupine stared on at it in wonder. At that time a hare came out leaping from the brushwood. He gazed at the vehicle for a while and then smiled.

"Is this cart yours?" they asked the hare. "No; it belongs to the bear. The fellow was working on it for some time, but couldn't finish it. He left, abandoning it here."



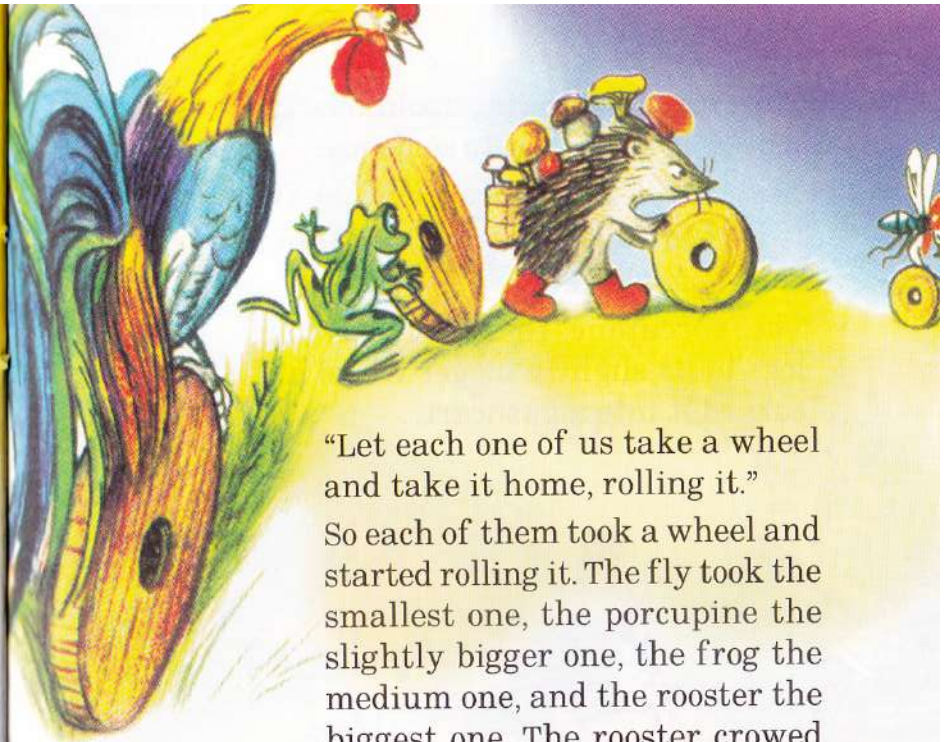
"Let's take it home," said the porcupine. "It may come in handy one day."

The others agreed.

All of them started to push the cart. Even after they had tried their best, the cart did not budge. As its wheels were of different sizes, it just toppled to one side. And, to boot, the path with its hollows and potholes was difficult and tiring. The hare laughed nonstop and asked,

"What do you want this useless cart for?"

They were all too tired, pushing the cart. But they did not want to go away, giving up the cart. Then the porcupine had an idea.



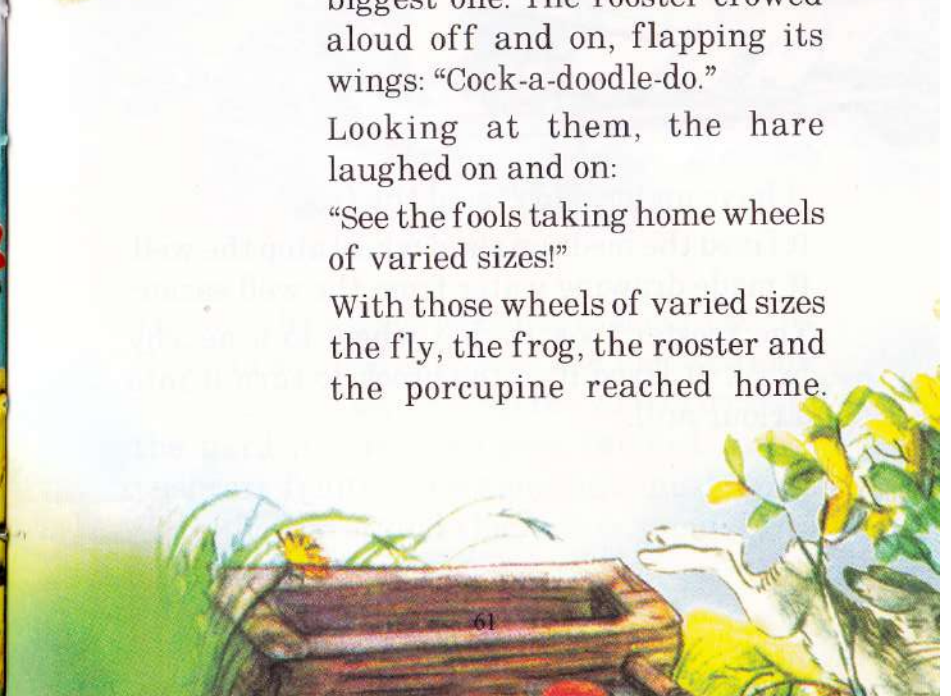
"Let each one of us take a wheel and take it home, rolling it."

So each of them took a wheel and started rolling it. The fly took the smallest one, the porcupine the slightly bigger one, the frog the medium one, and the rooster the biggest one. The rooster crowed aloud off and on, flapping its wings: "Cock-a-doodle-do."

Looking at them, the hare laughed on and on:

"See the fools taking home wheels of varied sizes!"

With those wheels of varied sizes the fly, the frog, the rooster and the porcupine reached home.



They started thinking about how the wheels could be put to some use.

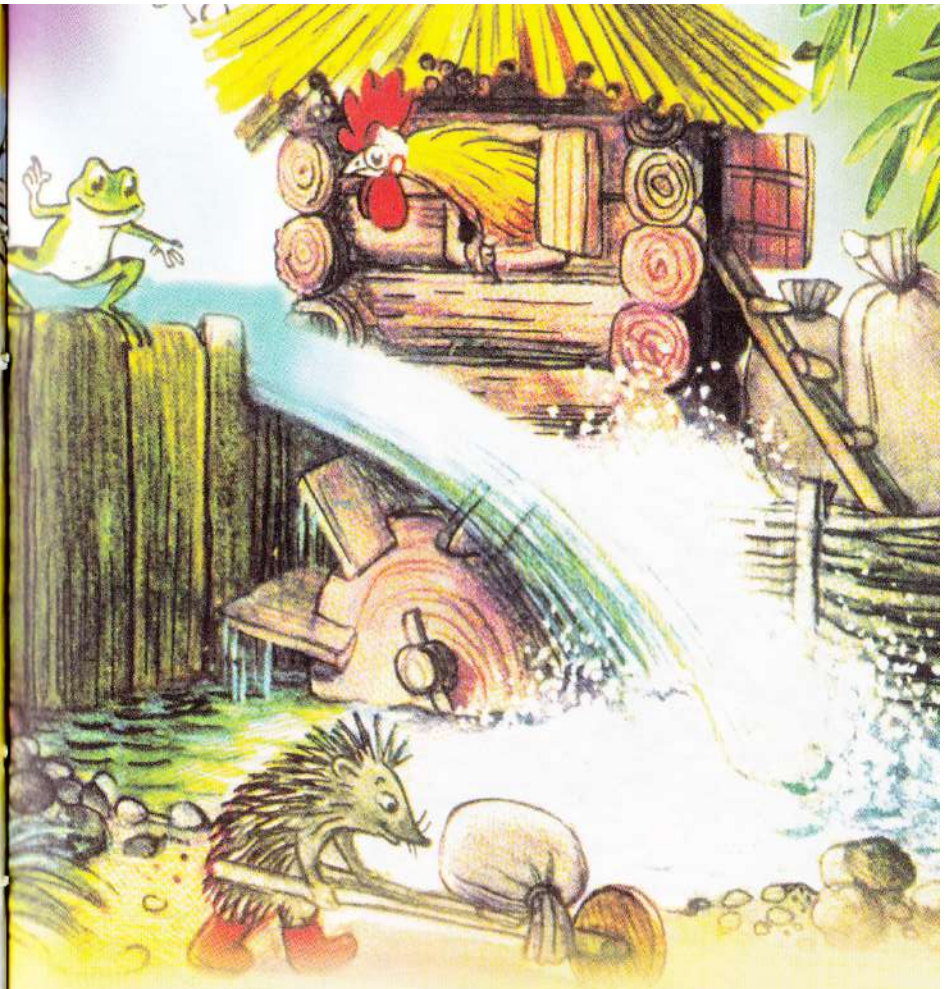
"Ah! I have got an idea!" said the fly. It turned the smallest wheel into a spinning wheel.

The porcupine fastened two long logs to its slightly bigger wheel and turned it into a pushcart.

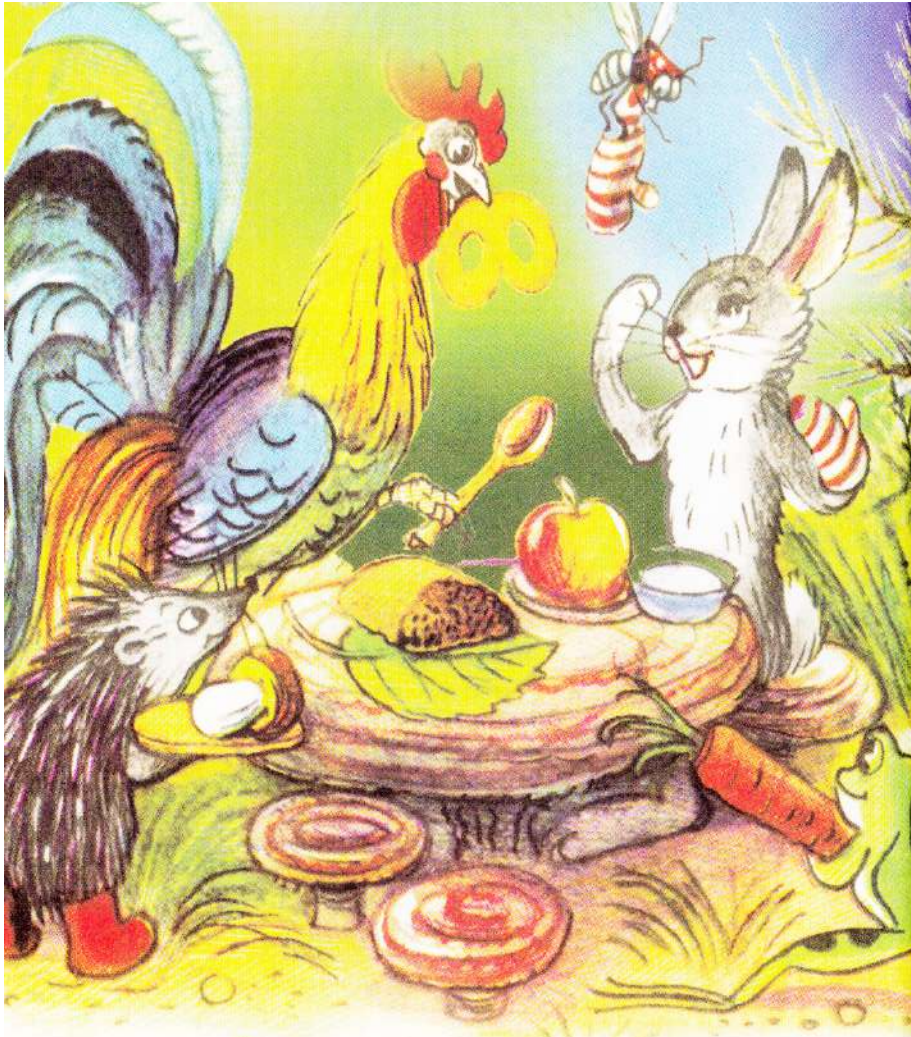


"I have an idea, too!" said the frog.

It fixed the medium sized wheel atop the well. It made drawing water from the well easier. The rooster took its big wheel to a nearby brook. It fixed it in the brook to turn it into a flour mill.



Thus all the wheels were put to some use. The fly spun strands of thread and made twines; the frog drew water from the well to irrigate the garden; the porcupine fetched in his pushcart fruits, vegetables and mushrooms from the forest and the rooster ground rice and made flour ready.



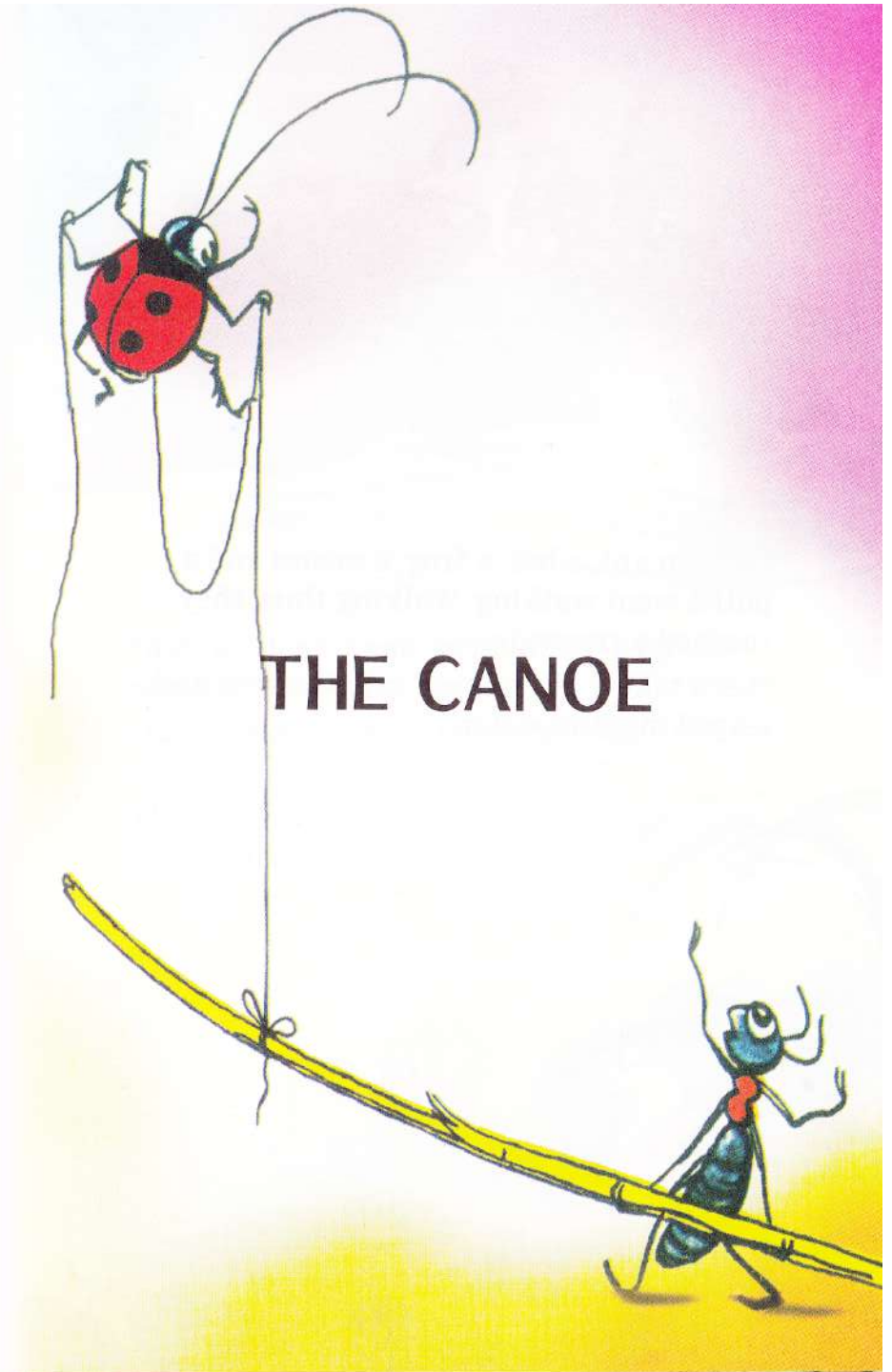
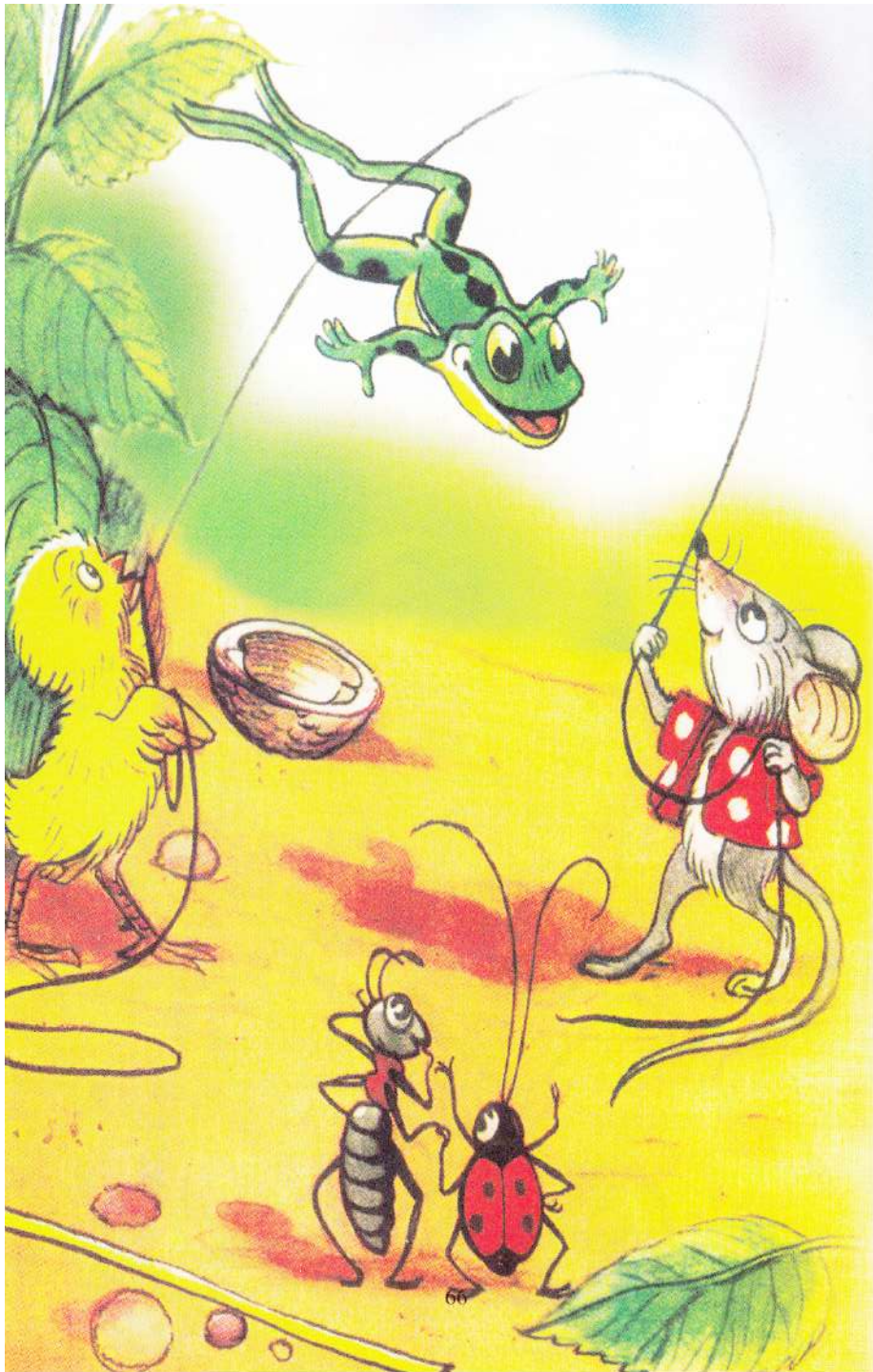
One day the hare came to visit them to know how they were doing. They were happy to see their old friend, the hare. The fly gifted him a pair of gloves made of threads. The frog gave him a radish plucked from the garden and

the porcupine a huge mushroom. The rooster brought him pancakes and porridge.

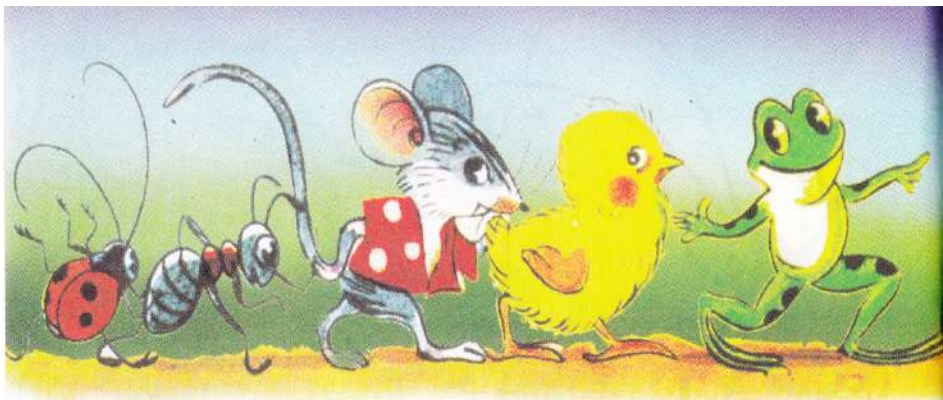
Abashed, the hare said:

“Forgive me, my friends! That day I laughed at you. Even if the wheels are of different sizes, the wise know how to utilize them properly. Now I realize that.”





THE CANOE



Once an ant, a bee, a frog, a mouse and a pullet went walking. Walking thus, they reached a riverside.
 "Let's take a dip, mates," said the frog and leaped into the water.



"But, we don't know swimming," said the others.
 "Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the frog. "Don't know swimming? How useless you are!"
 The others felt sad and angry. They mused at length and found a way out.

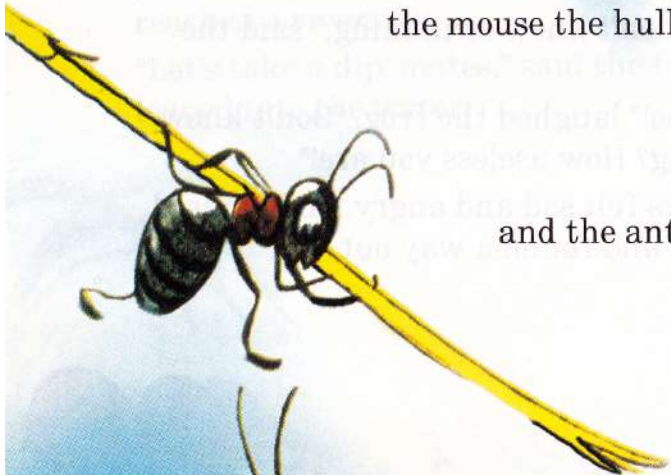




The pullet fetched a leaf,



the mouse the hull of a nut



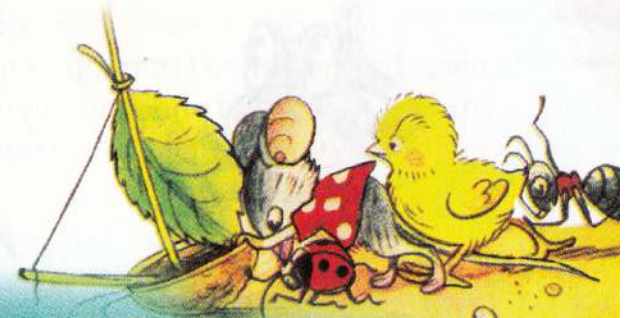
and the ant a straw.

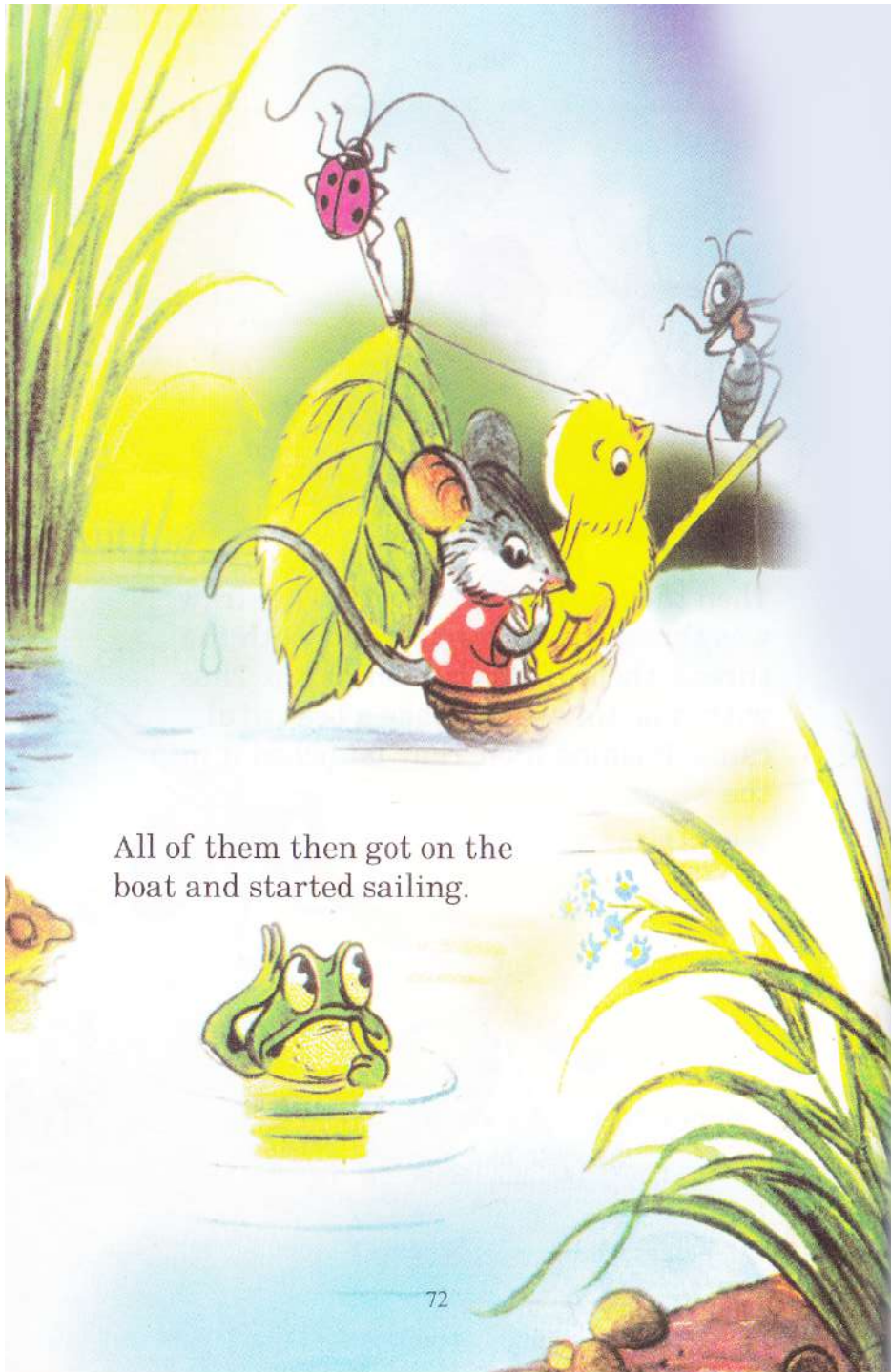


The bee brought a long
piece of thread.

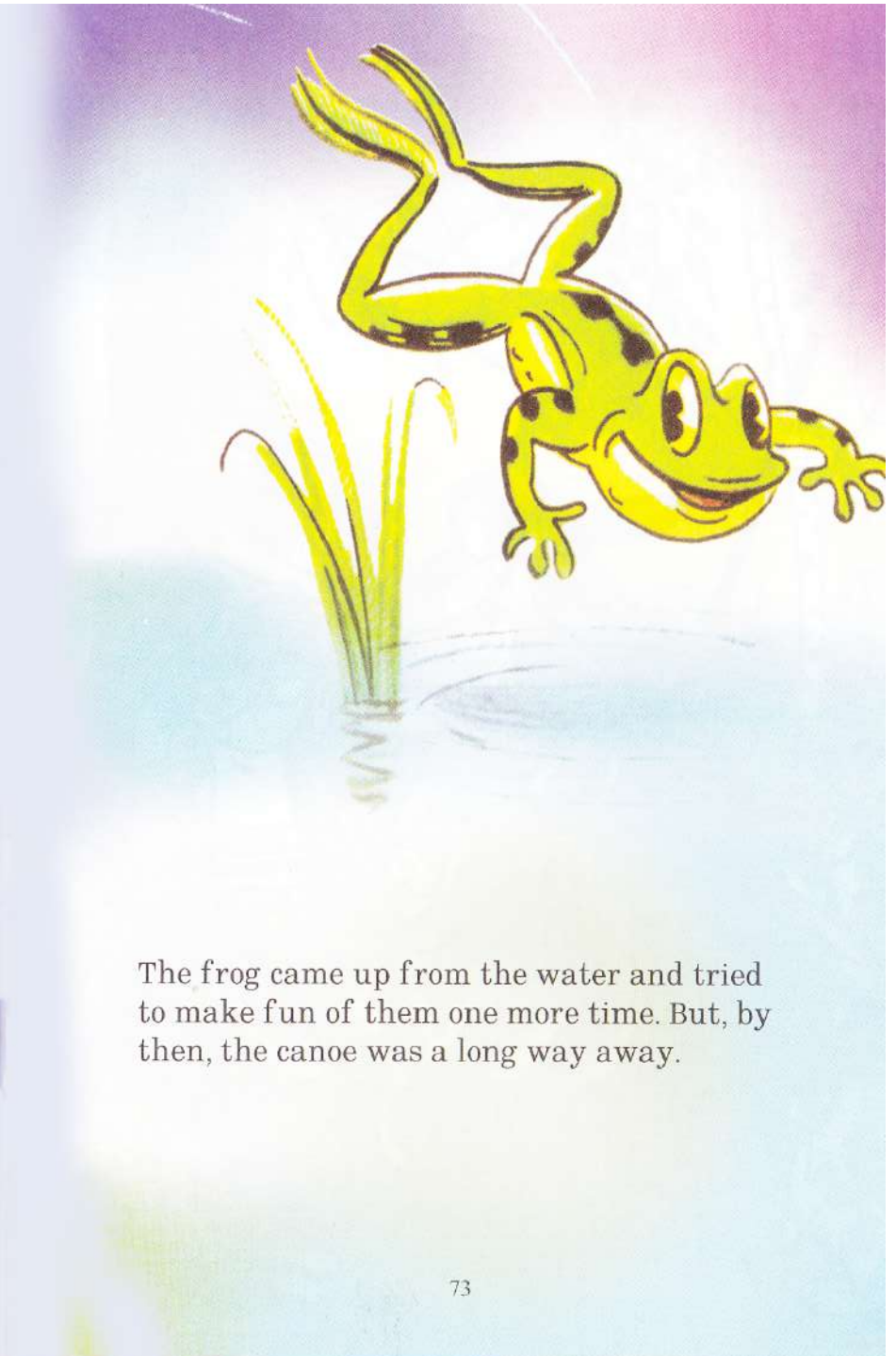


Then they started their work. The straw
was thrust inside the hull and, with the
thread, the leaf was tied on its top. Thus,
within no time, they made a beautiful
canoe. Pushing it on, they launched it into
the water.

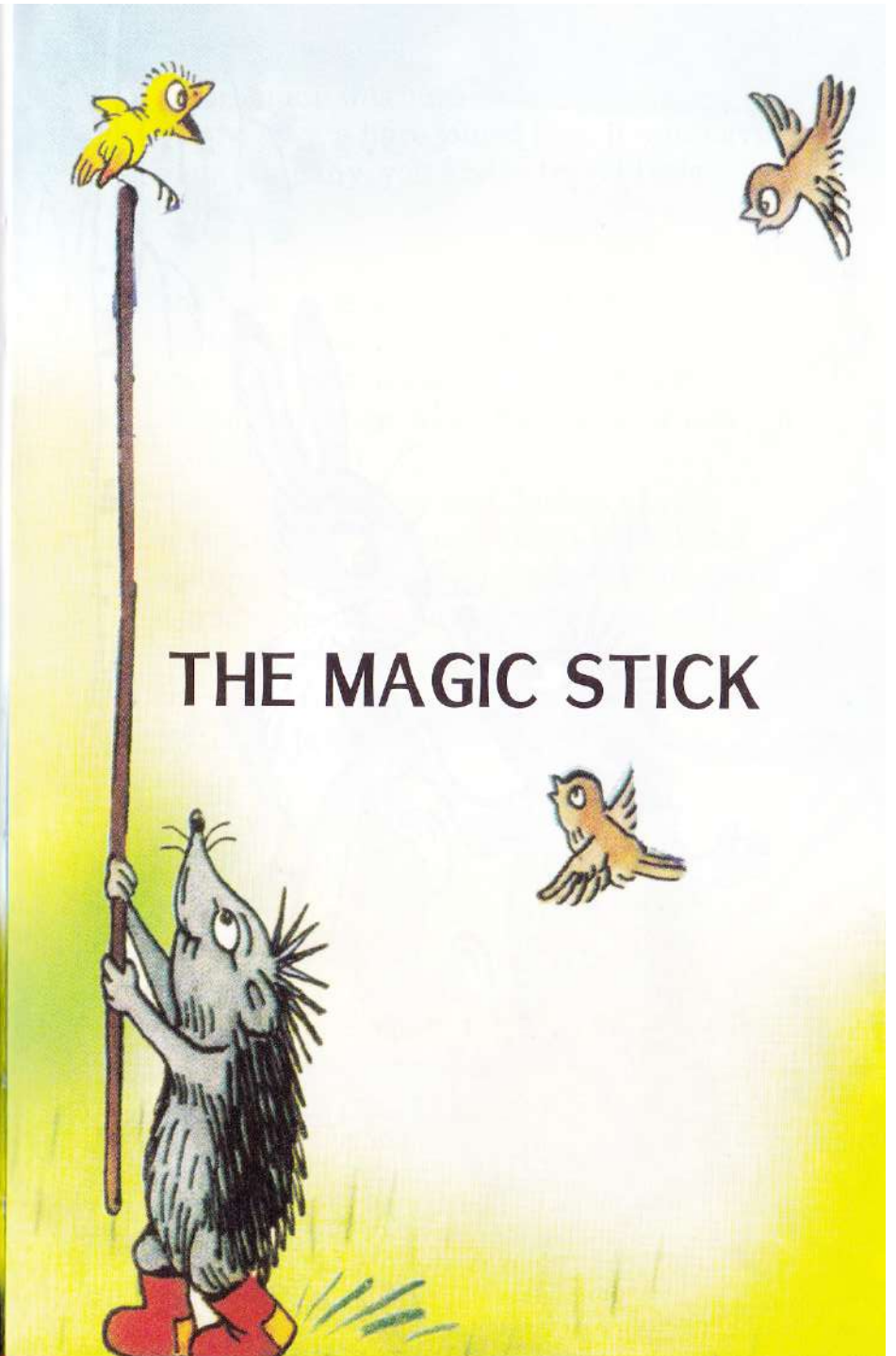




All of them then got on the boat and started sailing.



The frog came up from the water and tried to make fun of them one more time. But, by then, the canoe was a long way away.





A porcupine was once on his way home. On the way, a hare joined him. If you have some company, you know, travel feels lighter.

The home was a long way off. So they walked, talking. There was a stick in the way. The hare did not see it as he was talking. He tripped on the stick and was about to fall.

"Hey!" he got angry and kicked at it with his feet. The stick flew and fell at a distance. The porcupine picked it up and put it under his arm. Then he returned to the hare. The hare was surprised.

"What do you need the stick for?" he asked.

"Of what use is it for you?"

"This is no ordinary stick," said the porcupine. "This is a magic stick."

The hare felt like jeering.



After walking for a while, they reached a stream. The hare gave a jump and soon touched the other shore. He shouted out from there:

"Hey, quill pig, fling off your stick. You can't reach this shore with the stick in your hand."



The porcupine did not reply. He backed away a little and, then, rushed to the middle of the stream from where he pole-vaulted onto the shore. He landed just by the hare. His mouth opened wide in wonder.

"What a grand jumper you are!"

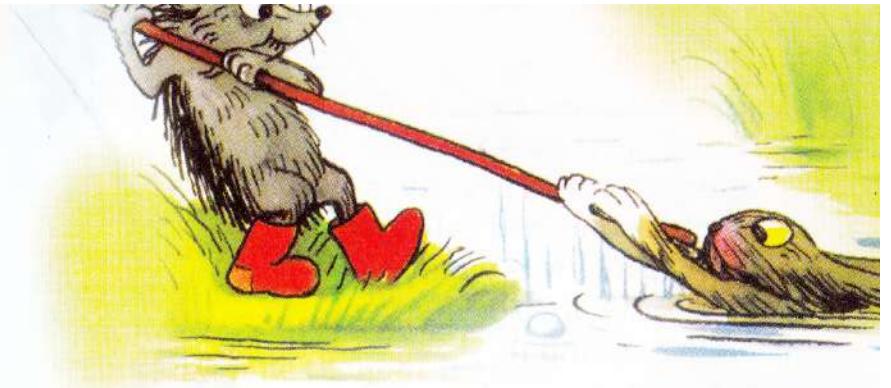
"I'm no jumper at all. It's this magic stick of mine that made it possible," the porcupine said.



They walked further. After a while, they reached a marsh. Leaping from one dry dune to the other, the hare went forward. The porcupine followed him by feeling his way with the stick.

"Hey, quill pig, why are you just crawling along? Maybe, your stick ..."

Before the hare could finish what he wanted to say, the hare slipped into muddy water. He sank up to his ears. A little more while, and he would have been gone!



The porcupine came near the hare, stuck the stick out to him and said:

"Grab this stick and hold it tight."

The hare grabbed at the stick. The porcupine pulled him out with all his might and got him out of the mud pit.

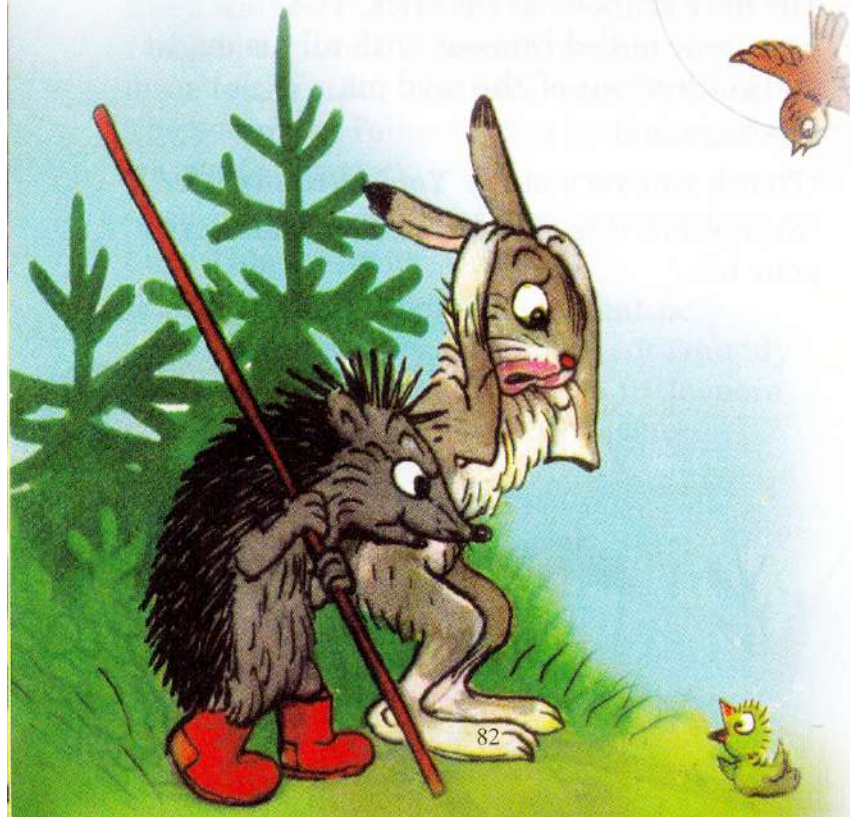
The hare said:

"Thank you very much. You saved my life."

"No, not me; it is this magic stick that saved your life."



They resumed their walk.
This time they came near
a huge forest. They saw a
chicklet that had fallen from
its nest and was wailing.
Helplessly, its parents were
flying around it.
“Please help us, please,” they
were crying out.



The birds' nest was very high up.
Neither the hare nor the porcupine
could climb a tree. But they
wanted to help the birds somehow.
The porcupine thought for long
and, at last, found a way. H said to
the hare:

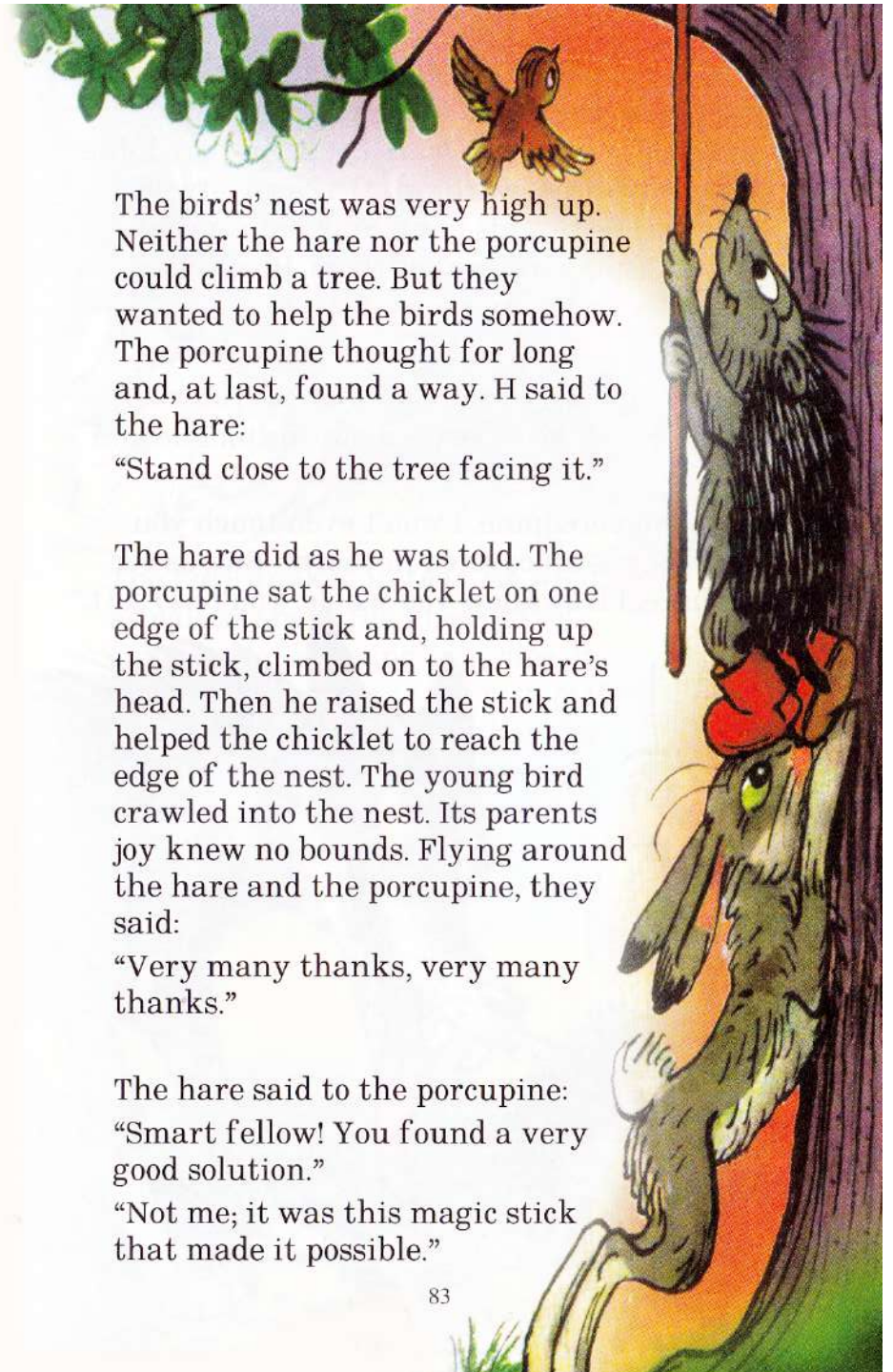
“Stand close to the tree facing it.”

The hare did as he was told. The
porcupine sat the chicklet on one
edge of the stick and, holding up
the stick, climbed on to the hare's
head. Then he raised the stick and
helped the chicklet to reach the
edge of the nest. The young bird
crawled into the nest. Its parents
joy knew no bounds. Flying around
the hare and the porcupine, they
said:

“Very many thanks, very many
thanks.”

The hare said to the porcupine:
“Smart fellow! You found a very
good solution.”

“Not me; it was this magic stick
that made it possible.”



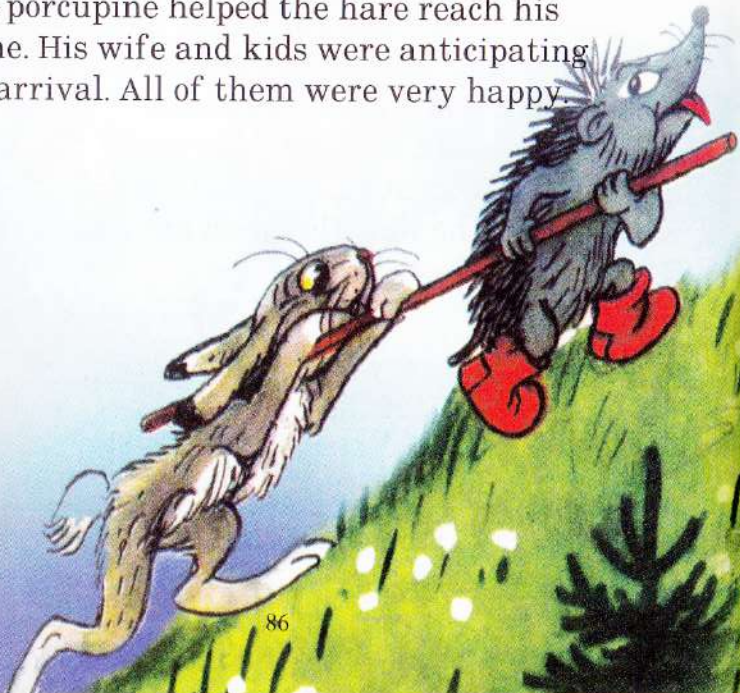
They walked further and reached a highway. It was a steep climb. The porcupine walked in the front, leaning on the stick. The poor hare was very tired and felt very weak. When they were about to reach home, the hare was so tired that he could not even take a step.

"Take it easy," said the porcupine, "you hold this stick."

The hare took one end of the stick and the porcupine went up the hill, dragging him behind. This time the hare found the going easier than it was earlier.

"See," said the hare, "your magic stick helped me this time too."

The porcupine helped the hare reach his home. His wife and kids were anticipating his arrival. All of them were very happy.



"But for your magic stick, I would never have reached home," said the hare to the porcupine.

The porcupine smiled, "You may take the stick. It is a gift to you from me. Maybe, you will find it still useful."

The hare was really surprised. He asked:

"How will you get along without this magic stick?"

"It doesn't matter. Getting a stick isn't that hard. The magic really lies in here," said the porcupine, touching his forehead.

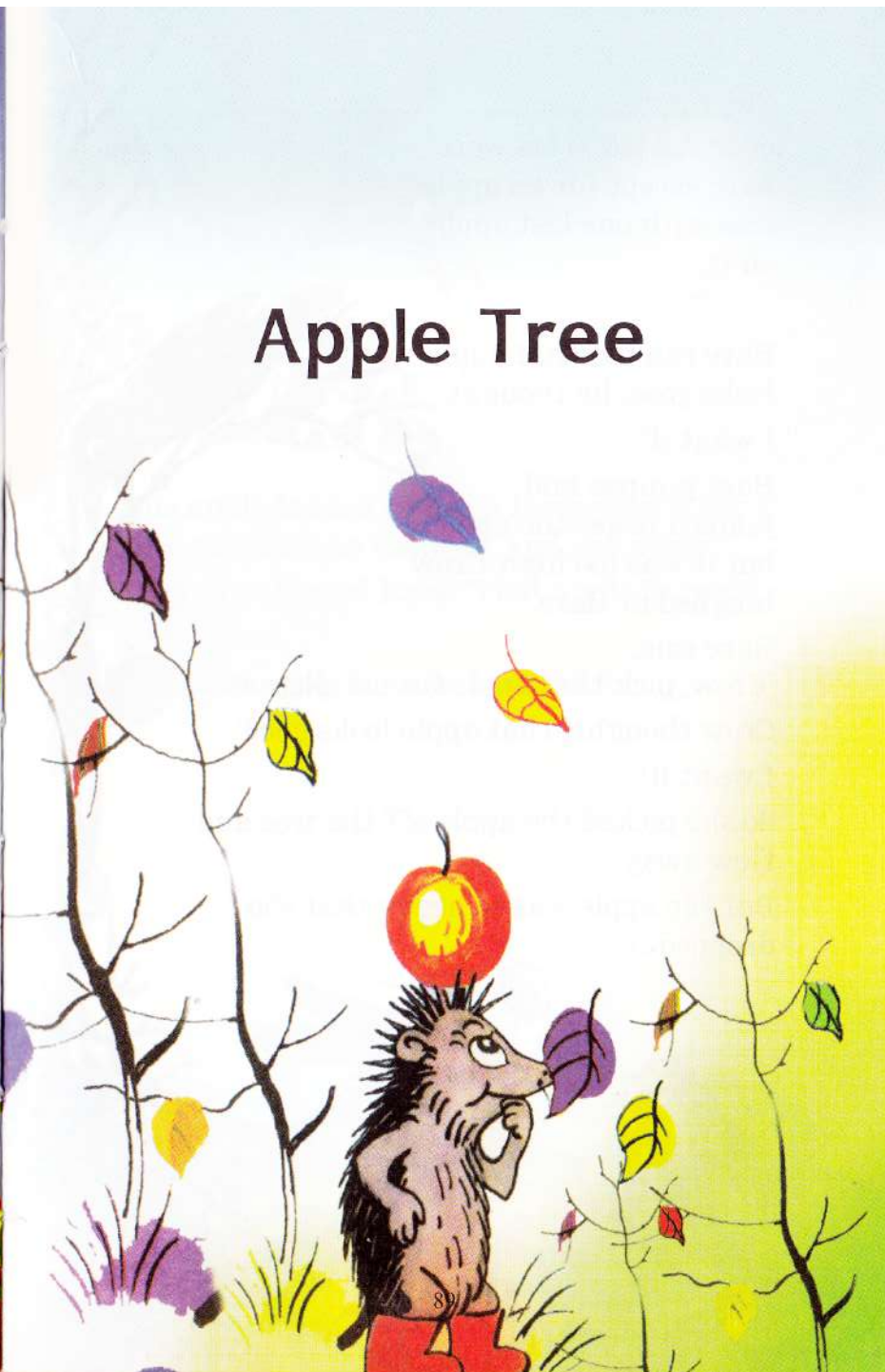
The hare understood what the porcupine meant.

"Yes, you're right!" said the hare, "What matters is a clever head and a clement heart, not the stick."





Apple Tree



The fall was almost over. All the trees were bare except for an apple tree with one last apple on it.

Hare ran by. That apple looks good, he thought.

I want it!

Hare jumped and jumped to get the apple, but it was too high. Crow laughed at Hare.

Hare said, "Crow, pick that apple for me, please!"

Crow thought, That apple looks good!

I want it!

So she picked the apple off the tree and flew away.

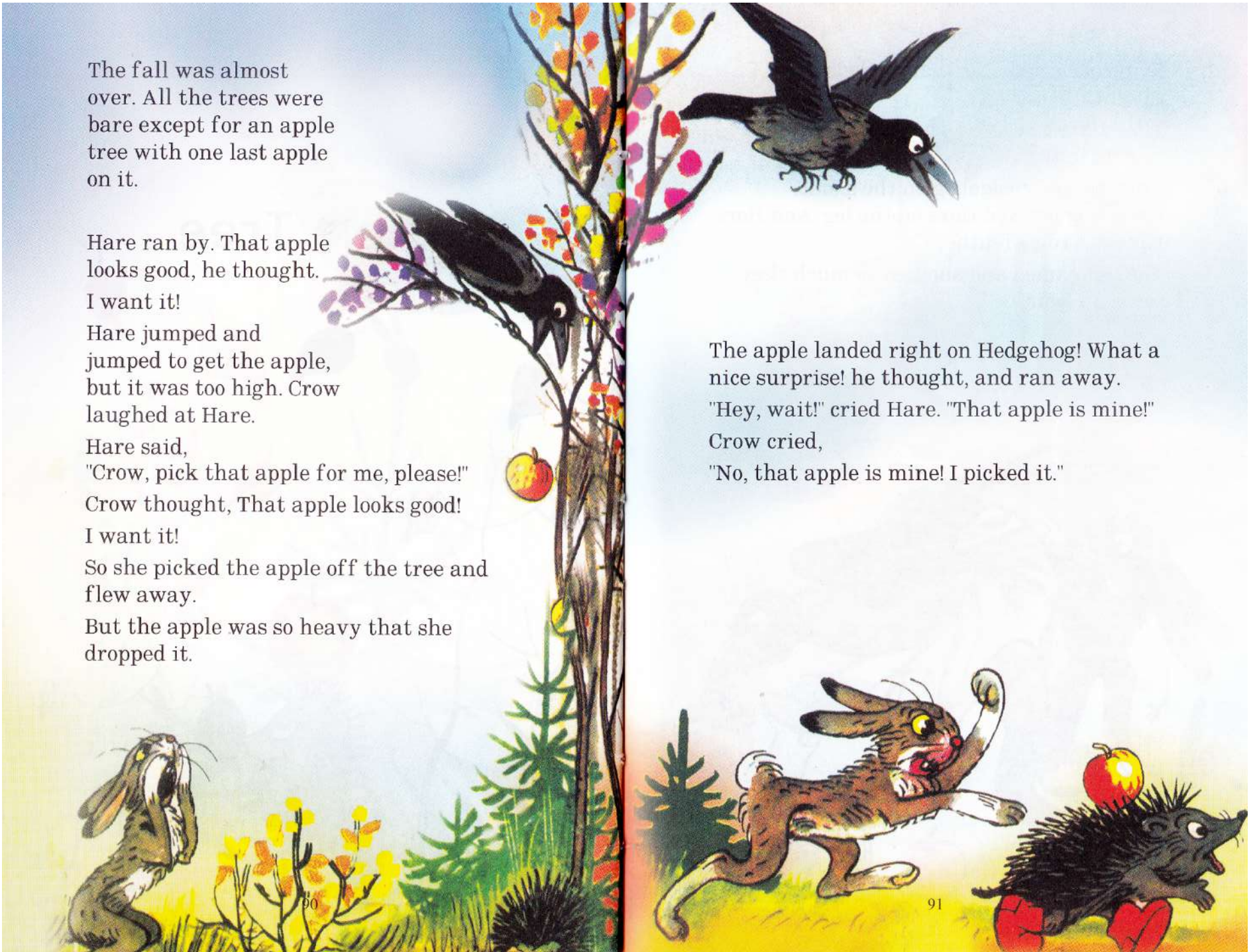
But the apple was so heavy that she dropped it.

The apple landed right on Hedgehog! What a nice surprise! he thought, and ran away.

"Hey, wait!" cried Hare. "That apple is mine!"

Crow cried,

"No, that apple is mine! I picked it."



Hedgehog cried, "No, that apple is mine! I caught it!"

Then Hare cried, "No, that apple is mine! I saw it first!"

Crow pecked Hedgehog on the snout.

Hedgehog pricked Hare on the leg. And Hare yanked Crow's feathers.

They screamed and shouted so much they woke up Bear.



"What's going on?" asked Bear.

"Crow stole my apple!" said Hare.

"No!" said Crow.

"That apple is mine! Hedgehog stole it from me!"

"I did not!" said Hedgehog.

"That apple is mine!"

Bear asked, "Who saw the apple first?"

"Me!" said Hare.

"Who picked it?" "Me!" said Crow.

"Who caught it?" "Me!" squeaked Hedgehog.

"Then each of you deserves the apple," Bear said.

"But there's only one apple!" cried Hare, Crow, and Hedgehog.



"Well," Bear said, let's divide it evenly so each of you gets a piece.

They all agreed this was a wonderful idea. And Hedgehog cut the apple.

Hedgehog gave the first piece to Hare because Hare saw the apple.

He gave the second piece to Crow

because Crow picked the apple.

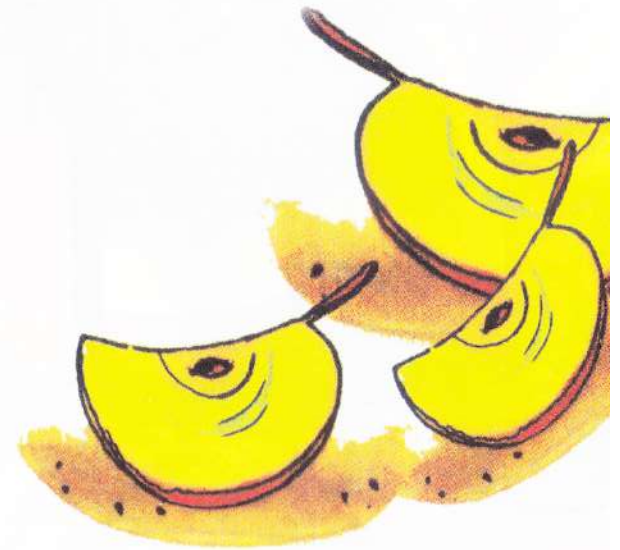
He gave the third piece to himself because he caught the apple.



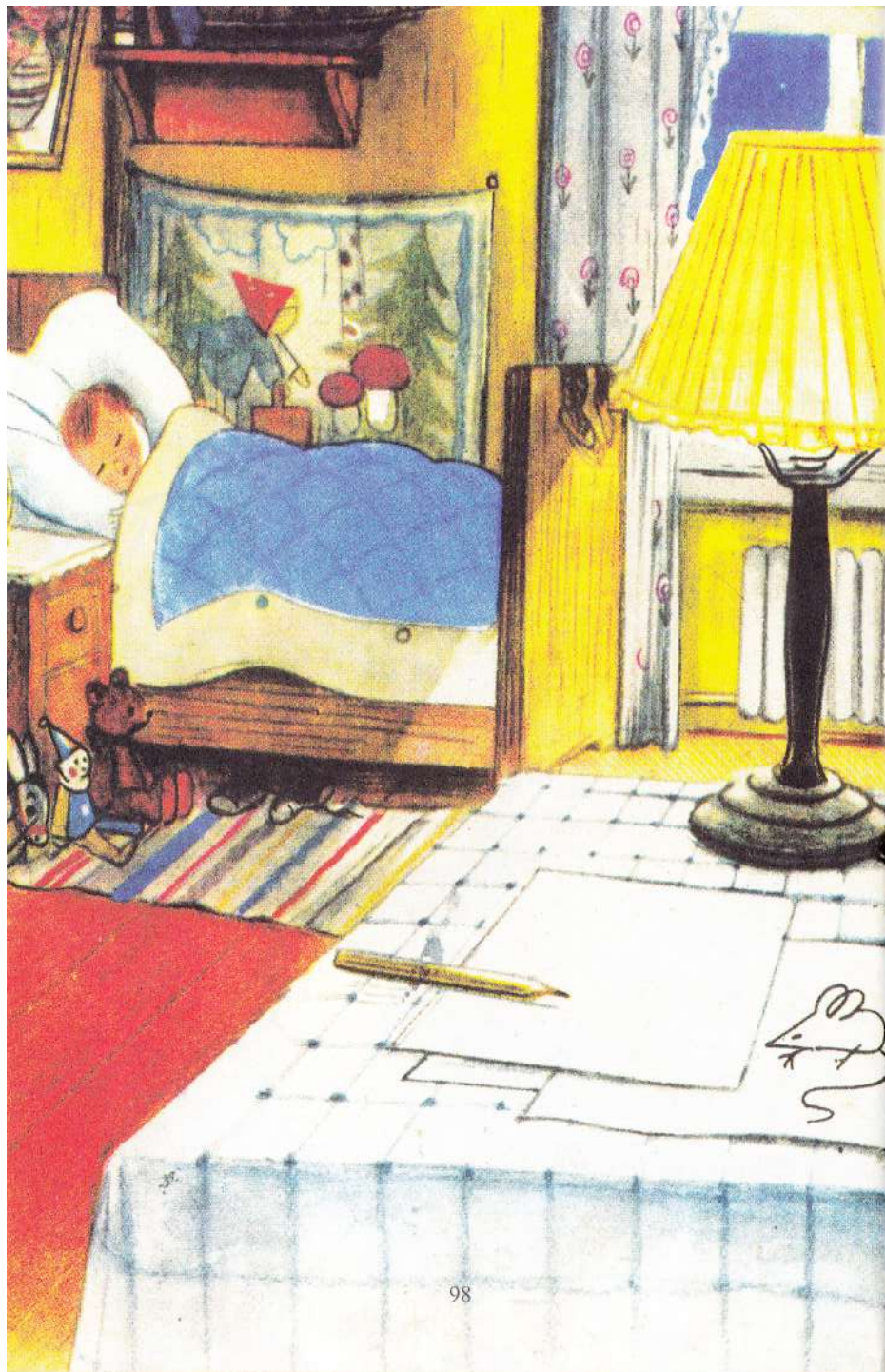
There was one piece left.
"Who's this piece for?" asked Bear.

"You!" said Hedgehog.

"Because you stopped us from fighting."
"Thank you, Bear," the animals said.



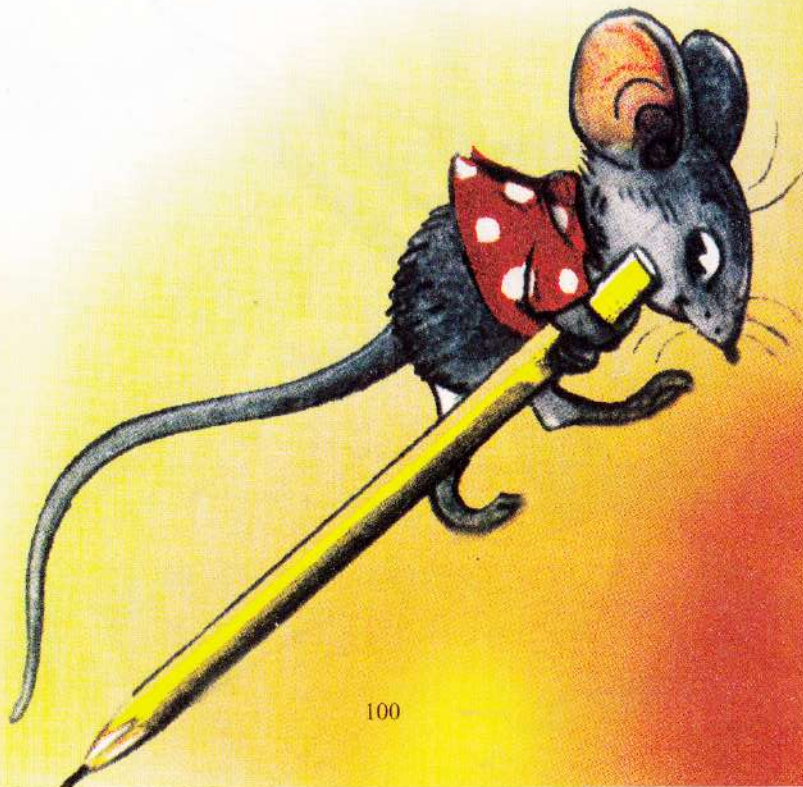
They ate up the apple. And everyone was
happy!



The Mouse and the Pencil



One day a little mouse was looking for something to eat. He found a pencil. The mouse ran off to his hole with the pencil. "Do let me go!" begged the pencil. "What use am I to you? I'm only a piece of wood. I'm not good to eat."

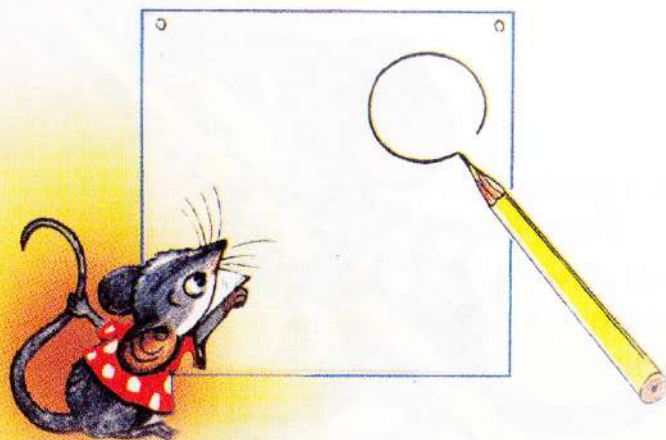


"I'm going to gnaw you!" said the mouse. I have to gnaw something all the time to keep my teeth sharp. Here I go!" And he bit the pencil hard.

"You're hurting me!" said the pencil. "Let me draw you one last picture, and then you can do what you like!"

"Very well," agreed the mouse. "You draw something. I shall gnaw you into tiny pieces afterwards!"

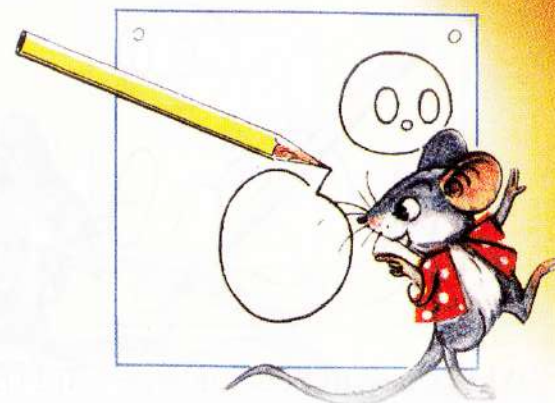
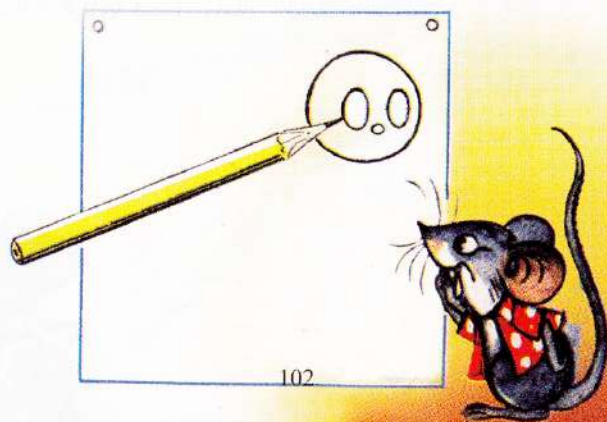




The pencil sighed heavily, and drew a big circle.

"Is that a cheese?" asked the mouse.

"We'll call it a cheese," said the Pencil, and it drew three little circles inside the big one.



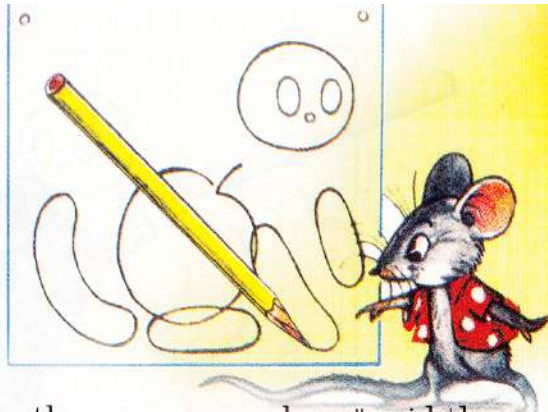
"I can see it's cheese now," said the mouse.
"Look at those holes in it."

"Let's call them holes in the cheese," agreed the pencil, and it drew another circle under the first one.

"That's an apple," squeaked the mouse.

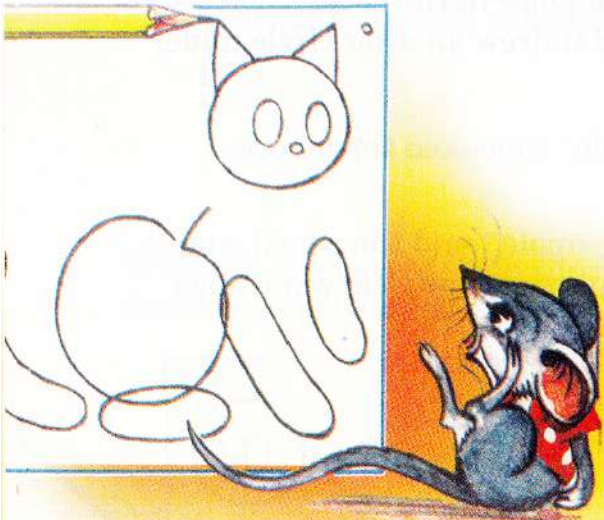
"Let's call it an apple," said the pencil, and it began drawing some funny curved things near the second circle.





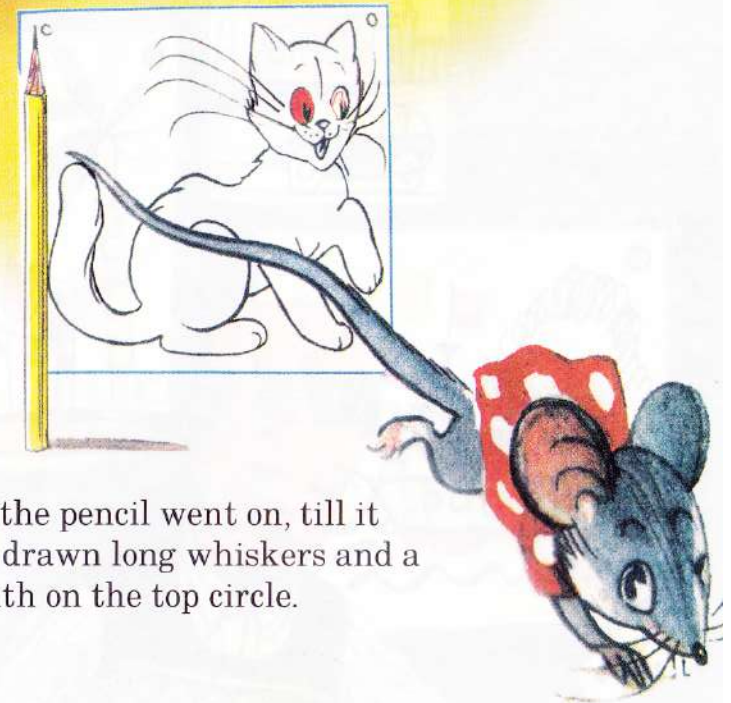
"Why, those are cucumbers," said the mouse, licking his lips.

"I wish you'd hurry. I simply can't wait to get my teeth into them!"



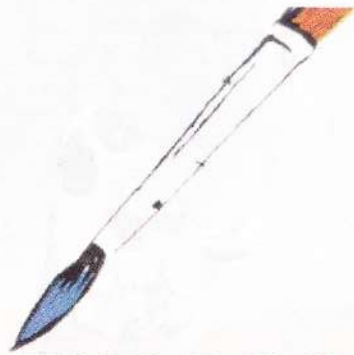
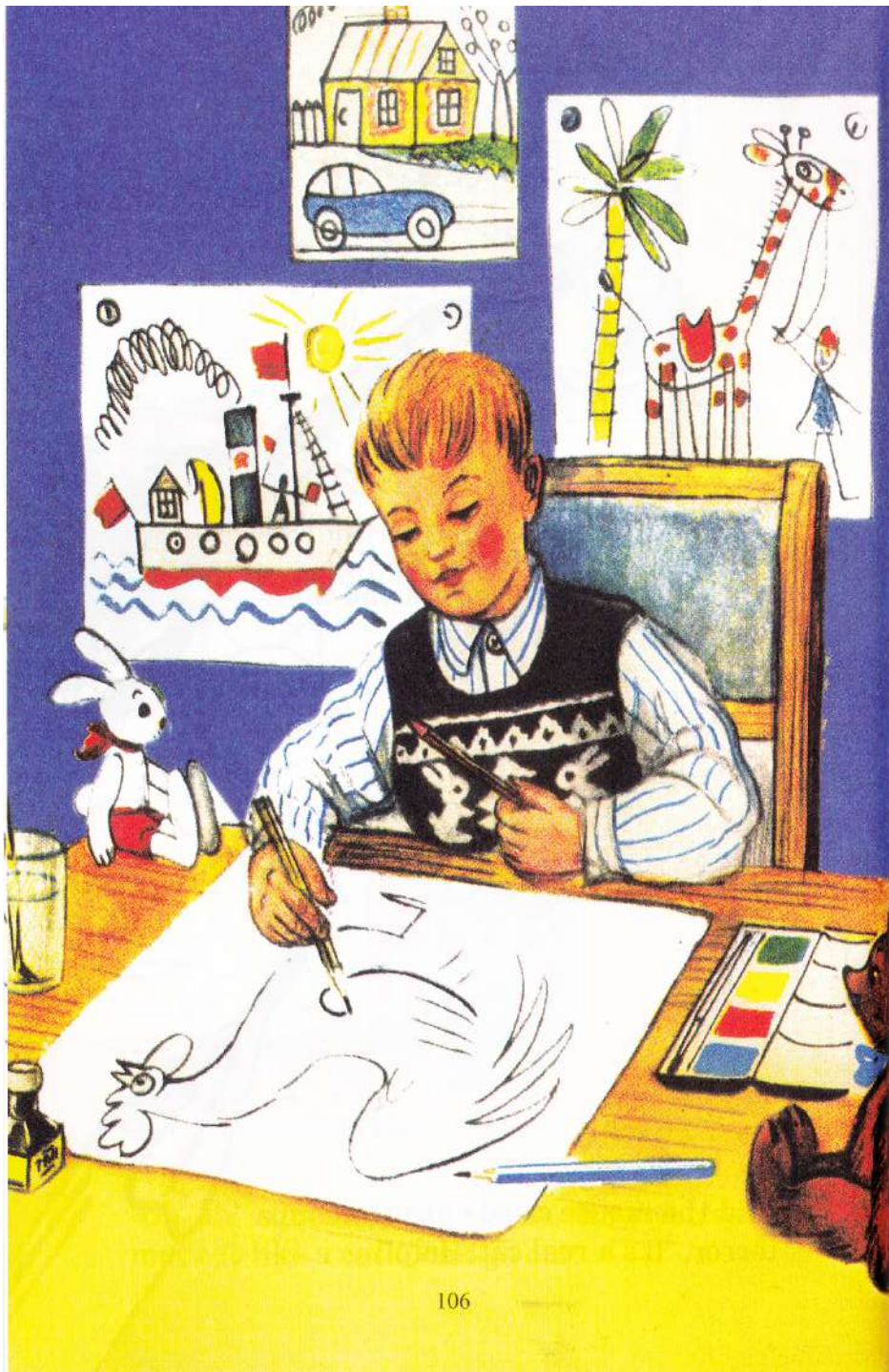
The pencil drew two little triangles on the top circle.

"Oh, oh!" squeaked the mouse. "Now you've made it like a cat! Don't go on!"



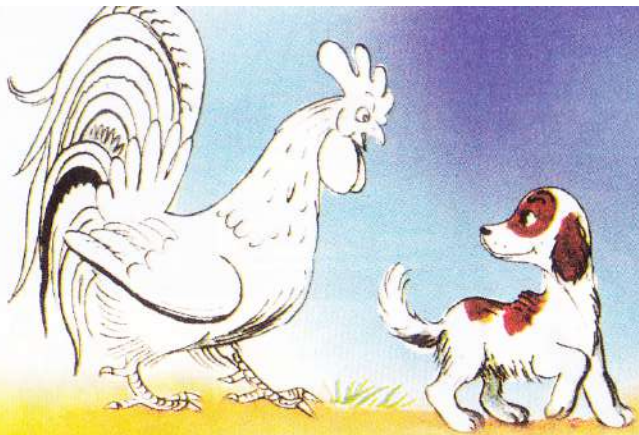
But the pencil went on, till it had drawn long whiskers and a mouth on the top circle.

And the mouse cried out in terror, "It's a real cat! Help!"



THE ROOSTER AND THE COLORS

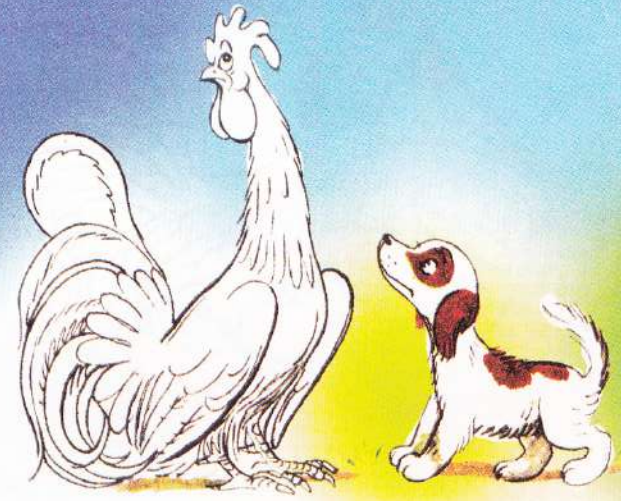




The rooster was out for a walk. On his way he met a puppy.

"You look very weird; your body has no colors," said the puppy.

So the rooster went to a pond and peered into the water. He saw what the puppy said was right.



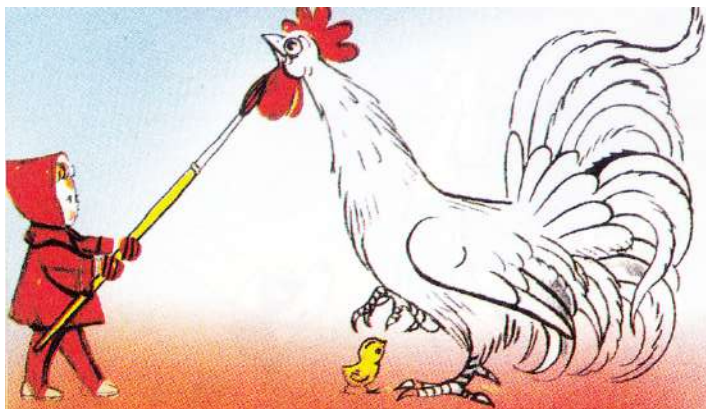
"Don't be sad," the puppy said.

"Go to the house of colors. They will help you."

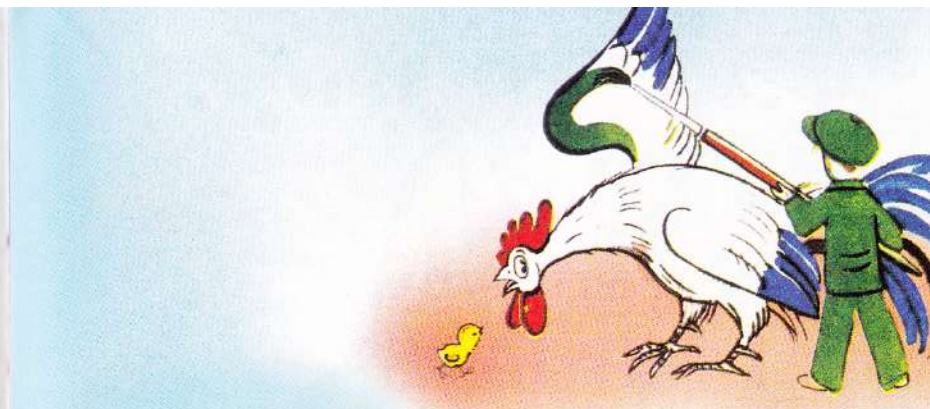
The rooster approached the colors with his request:

"O, you colors! Please help me."

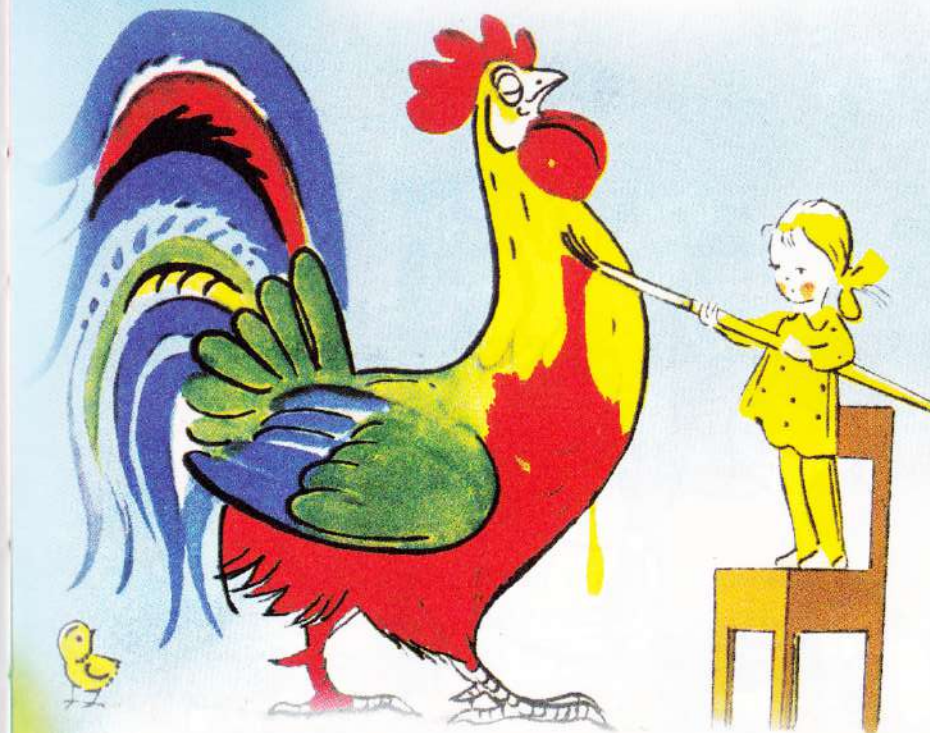


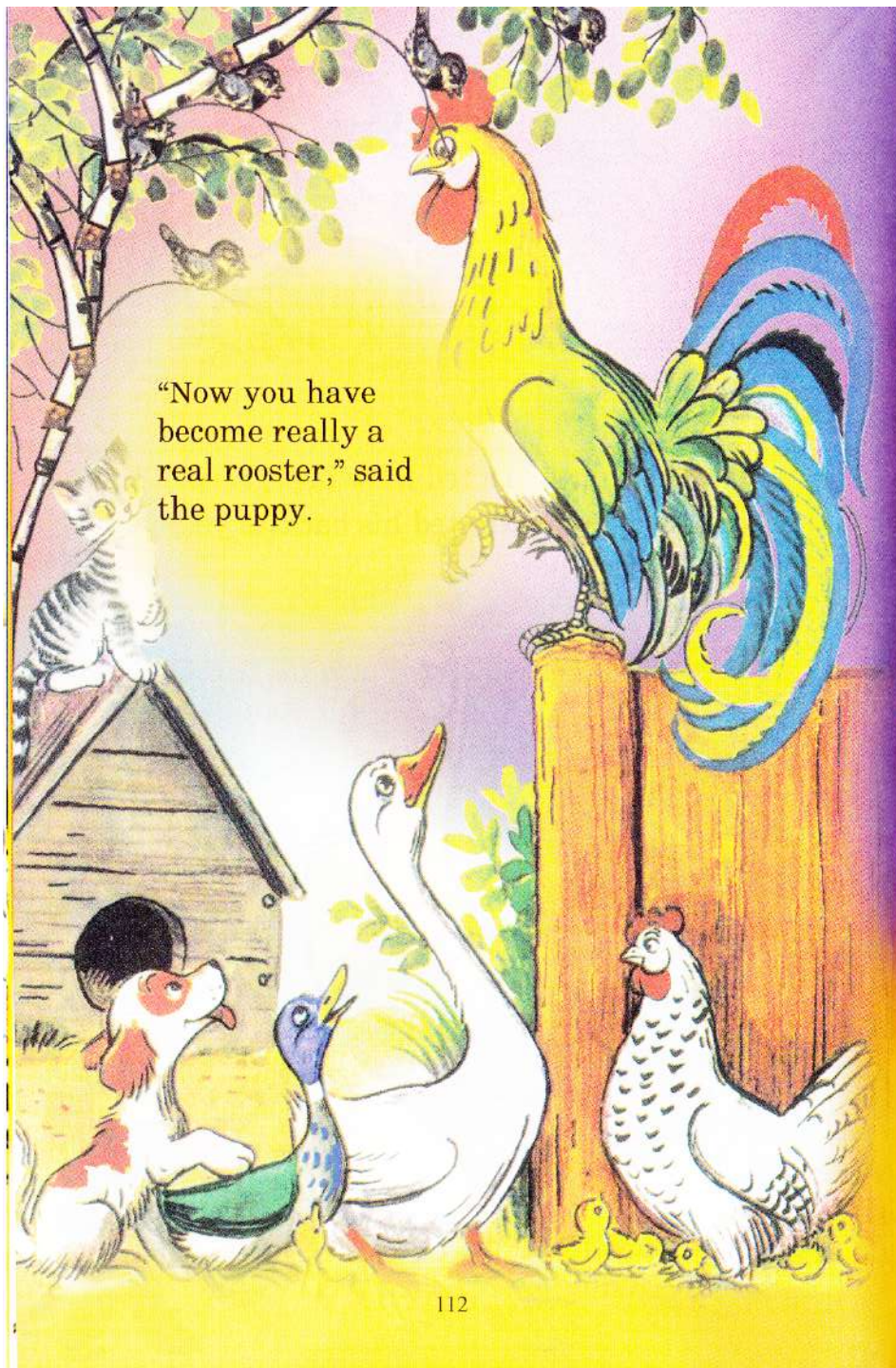


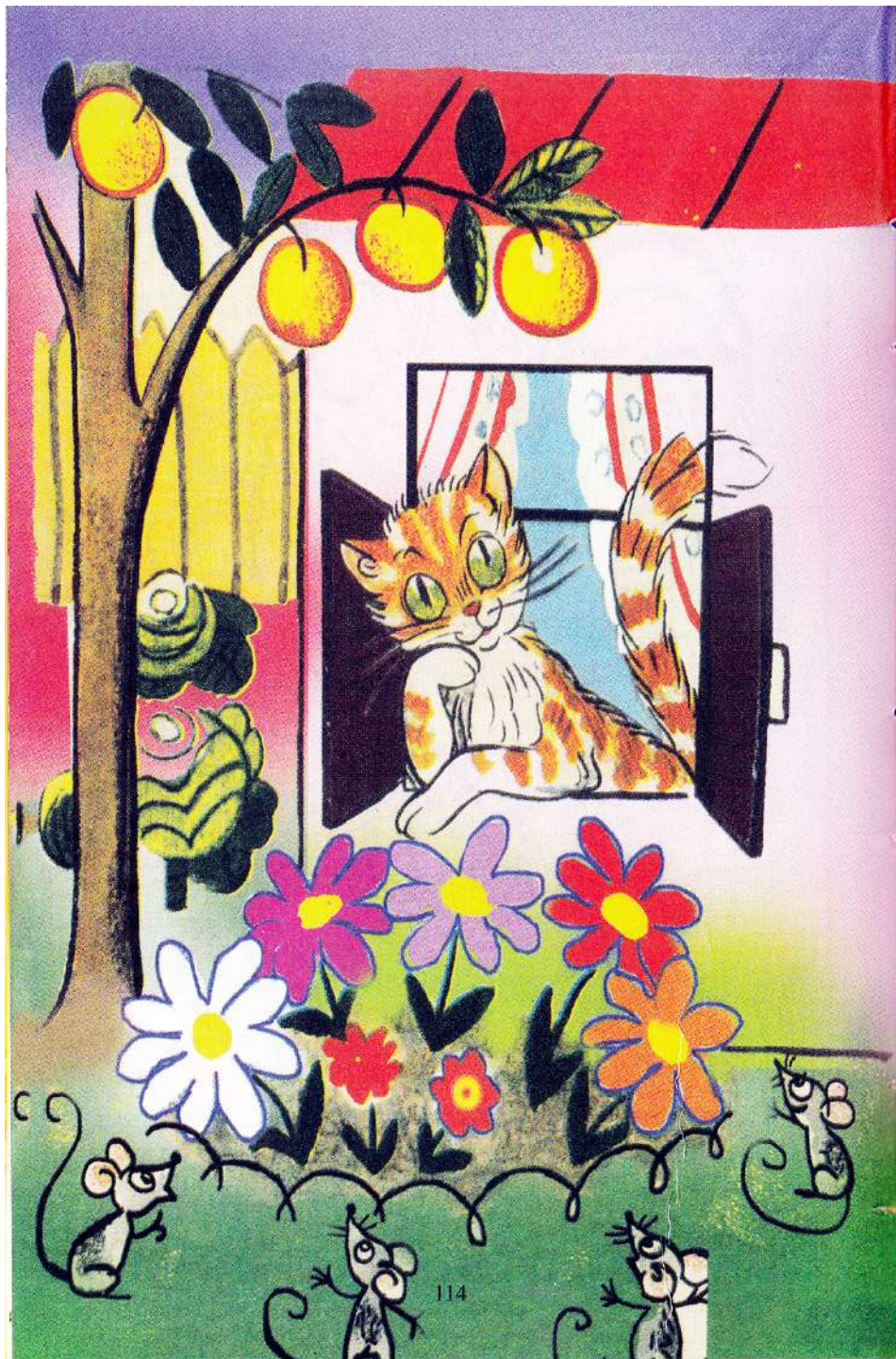
"Okay," said the color, red.
It painted his comb and wattle red.
The color, blue painted the plumes on his
tail blue.



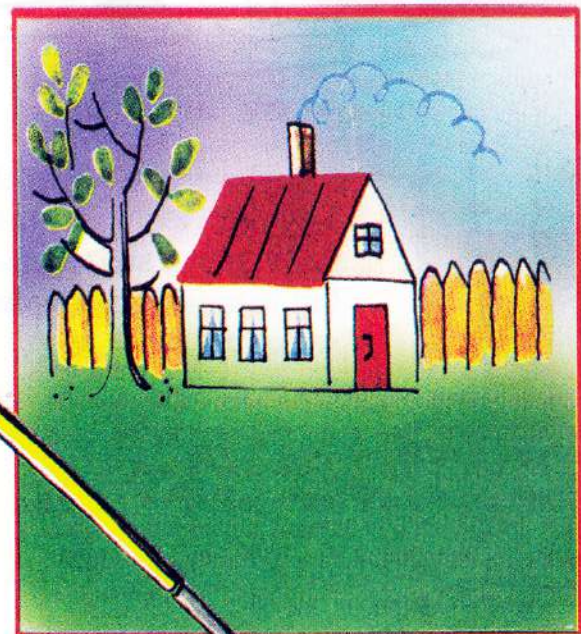
The color, green painted his wings green.
The color, yellow painted his hackles yellow

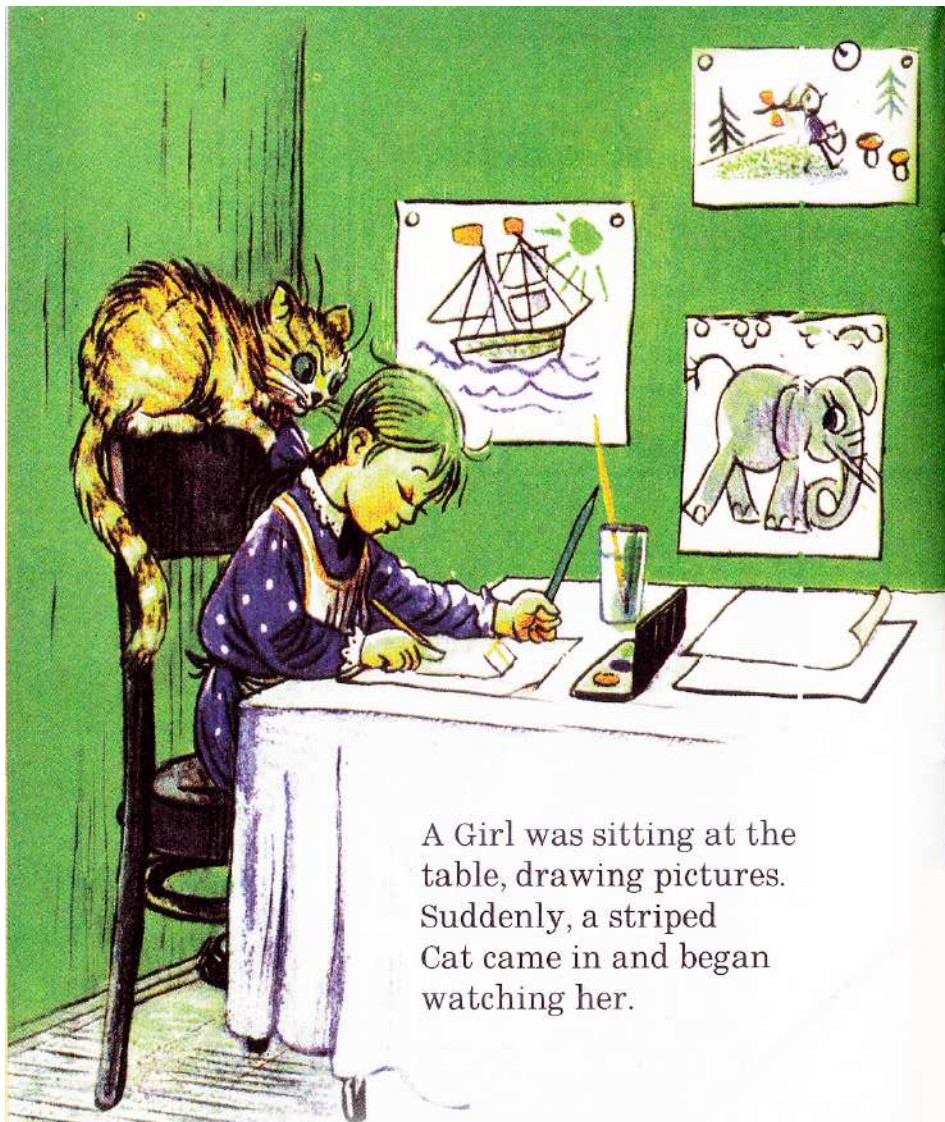




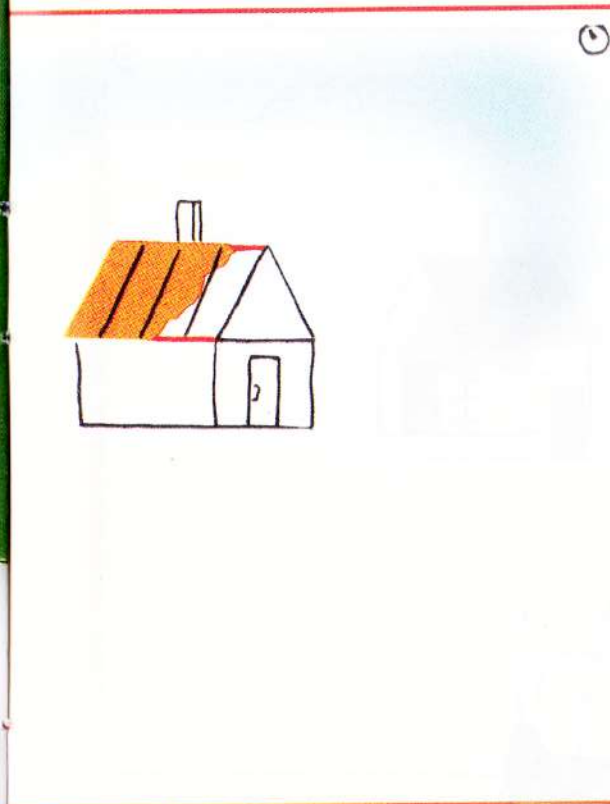


The Cross CAT





A Girl was sitting at the table, drawing pictures. Suddenly, a striped Cat came in and began watching her.



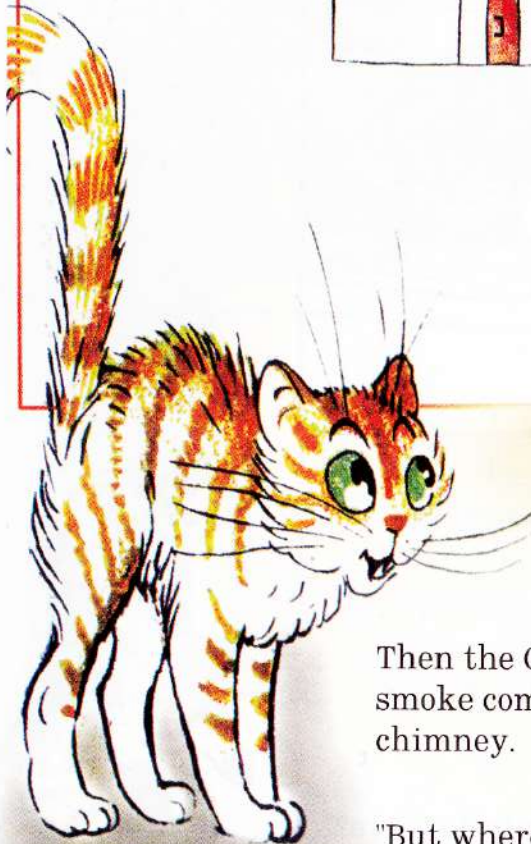
"What are you doing?" the curious Cat asked.

"I'm drawing a house for you," said the Girl. "See, here's the roof and here's the chimney. This is the door."

"What am I going to do there?"

"You'll make the stove and cook some porridge."





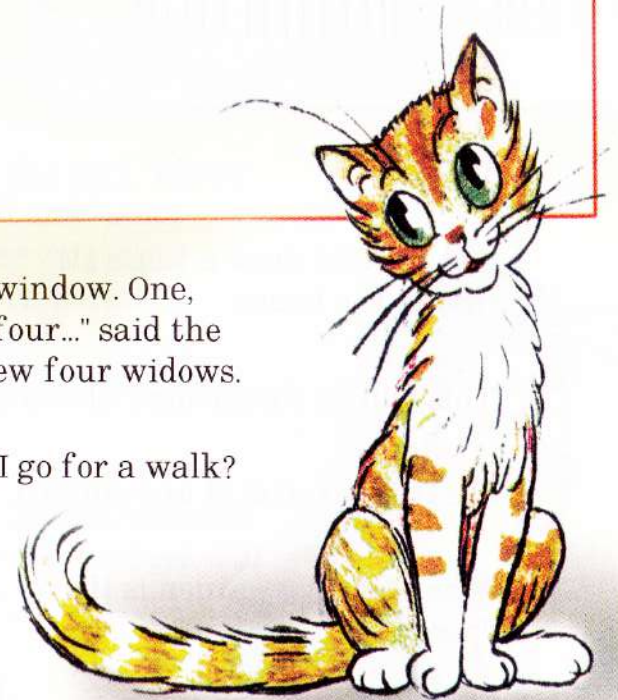
Then the Girl drew some smoke coming out of the chimney.

"But where's the window? Cats always jump through windows!"



"Here's the window. One, two, three, four..." said the Girl and drew four widows.

Where will I go for a walk?





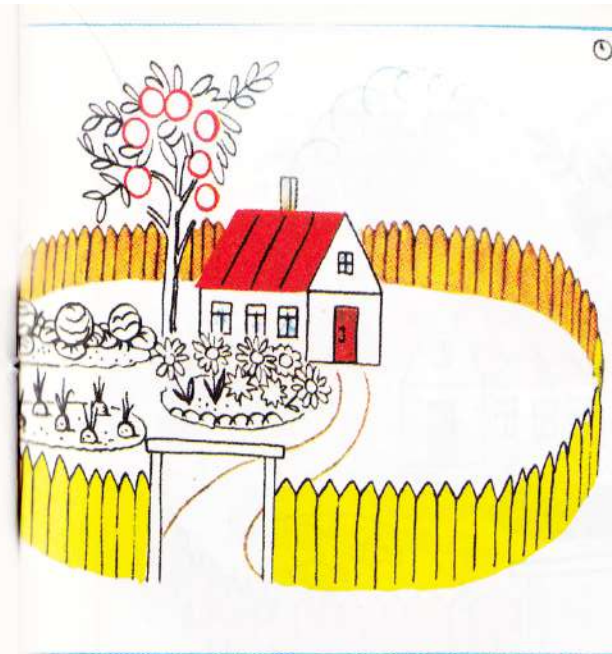
"Here."

And the Girl drew a fence all around the house.

"This will be the garden," she said.

The Cat looked at it and sniffed.

"What sort of a garden is that? There's nothing in it!"



"Wait," said the Girl. "Here's a flower bed and here's an apple tree with apples growing on it. This is a vegetable garden: here's the carrots and here's the cabbages."

"Cabbages!" the Cat said and made a face. "But where will I catch my fish?"

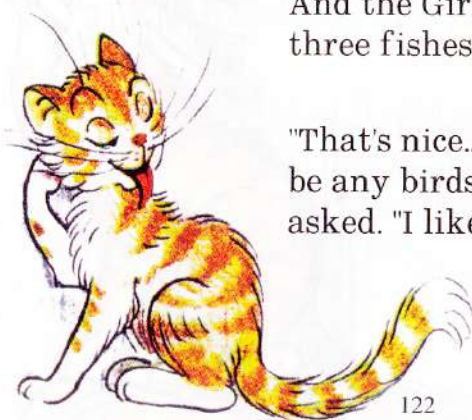




"Here."

And the Girl drew a pond and three fishes in the pond.

"That's nice.... And will there be any birds?" the curious Cat asked. "I like birds."



"Yes. Here's a hen, here's a cock, here's a goose, and these are three baby chicks."

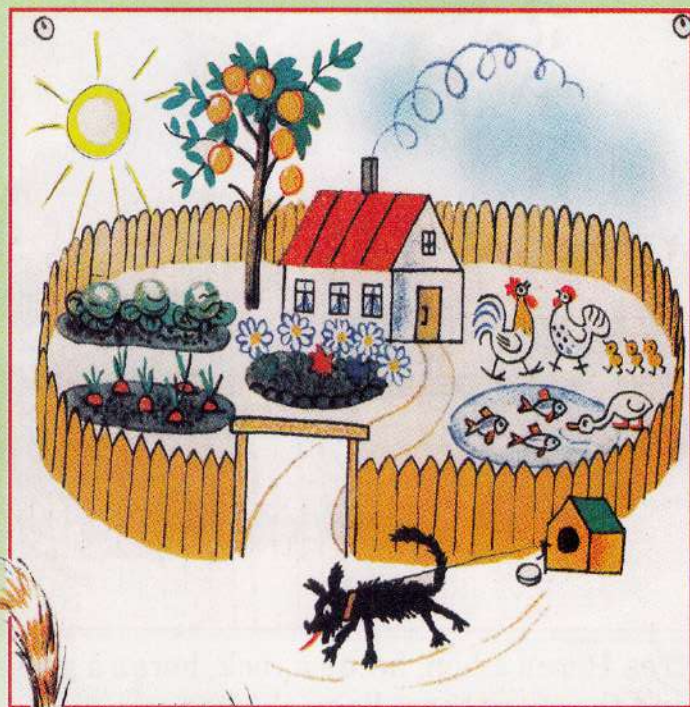
At that the Cat licked her chops, purred and asked in a very soft voice:

"And... ah... will there be... mice... in the house?"

"No, there won't be any mice."

"But who will guard my house?"





"Here," said the Girl and drew a dog house. "This Doggie will guard your house!"

The Cat flicked her tail and her fur stood on end.

"I don't like your house," said the Cat.
"I won't live in it!"

And she left, feeling very offended.
What a cross Cat!



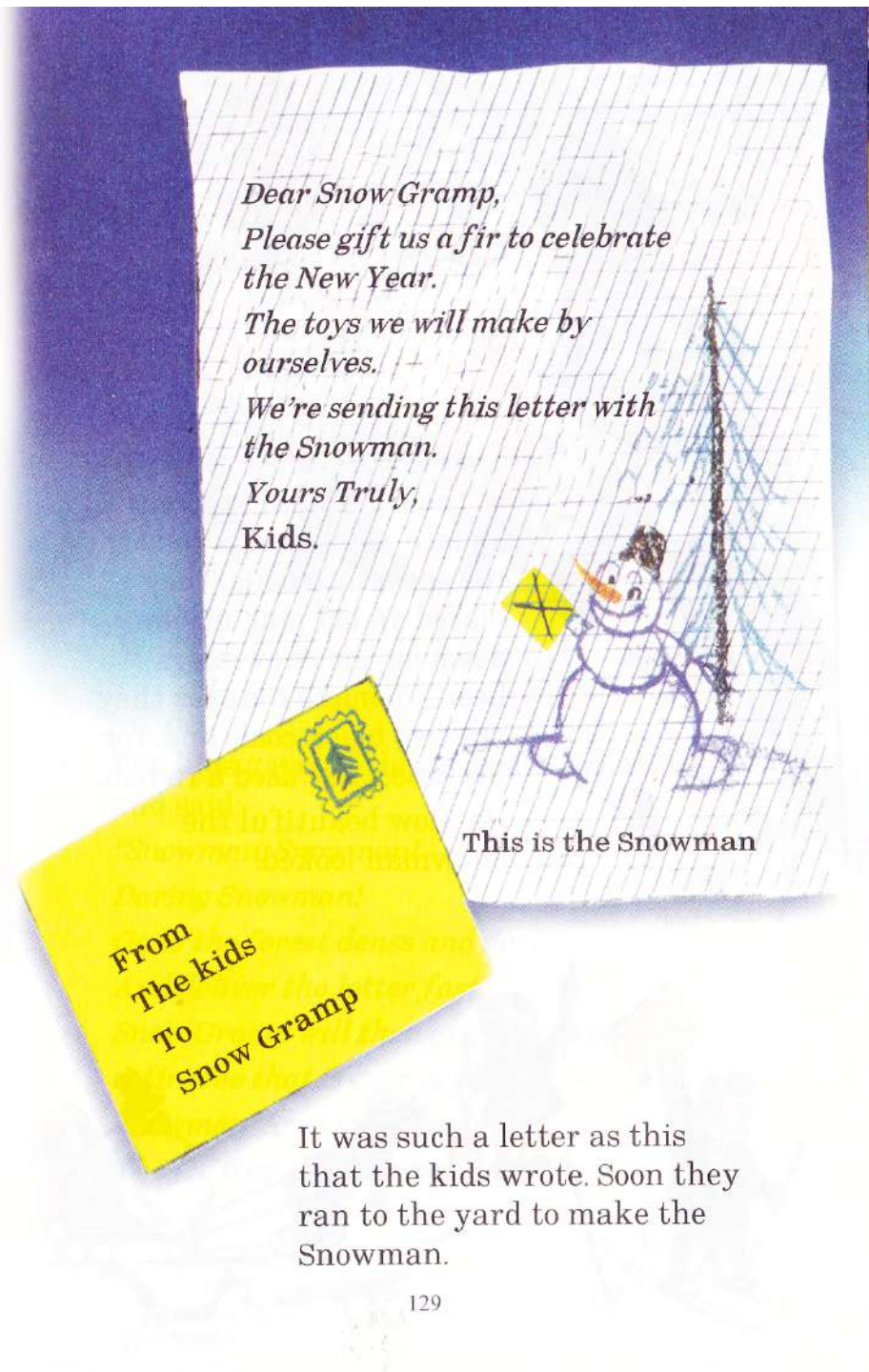




The kids looked up the calendar in the morning.

The day was the last day of the year. The next day the New Year would be born! And, there was going to be a party in celebration.

The toys were all almost ready. But there was no fir tree to decorate. So all the kids decided to send a letter to Snow Gramp, asking him to send them the most beautiful fir tree in the forest.



*Dear Snow Gramp,
Please gift us a fir to celebrate
the New Year.*

*The toys we will make by
ourselves.*

*We're sending this letter with
the Snowman.*

*Yours Truly,
Kids.*

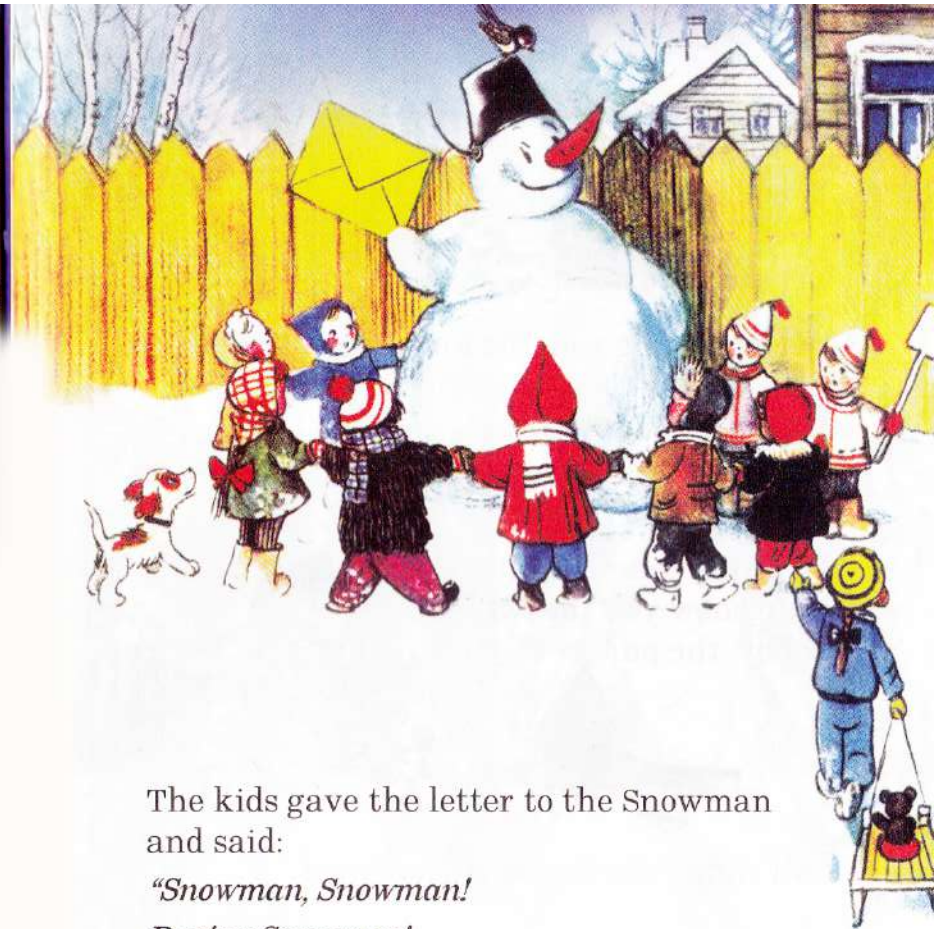
This is the Snowman

From
The kids
To
Snow Gramp

It was such a letter as this that the kids wrote. Soon they ran to the yard to make the Snowman.



They started their job. Some of them amassed snow at a place. Some others rolled the snow into balls. They placed an old mug upside down on the Snowman's head. To make his eyes they put two black coals and, for his nose, they used a radish. Ha! How beautiful the Snowman looked!



The kids gave the letter to the Snowman and said:

"Snowman, Snowman!

Daring Snowman!

Go to the forest dense and dark

And deliver the letter fast.

Snow Gramp will then give you man

A fir tree that is ever so green.

Snowman, Snowman, get us kids

The fir tree that is ever so fine."



When evening fell, the kids went back to their homes. The Snowman was left alone. He grumbled:

"What a hard job I am given! How do I proceed?"

"Will you take me with you? I can show you the way," said Bobby, the pup.

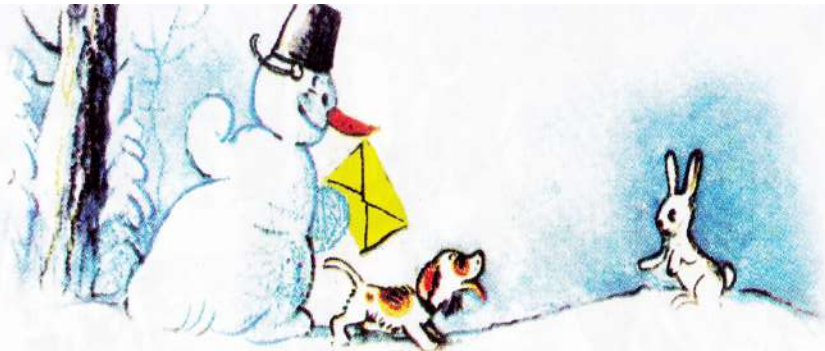


"All right," the Snowman assented.

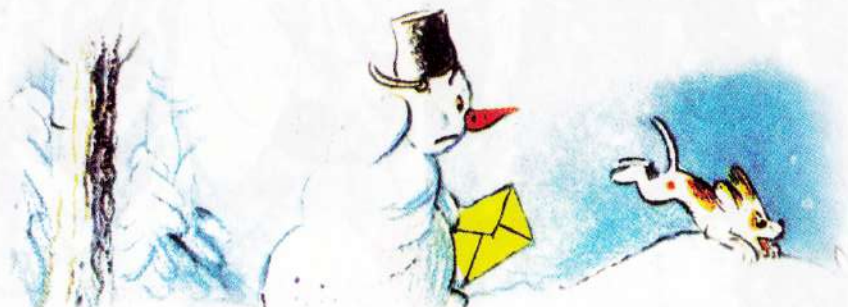
"It's always worth having some company. But, take care of the letter and see that you don't lose your way."



Thus the Snowman and Bobby set out. They walked for long. Finally, they reached a huge, dense forest.



A hare came running towards them.
 "Where does Snow Gramp live?" the
 Snowman asked the hare.
 But the hare had no time to reply. A fox was
 chasing him.



"Bow! Bow!" Barking, Bobby also ran after
 the hare.

The Snowman was on the verge of tears.
 "I think I will have to move on alone."



Suddenly a wind started to blow and snow
 started to fall. Slowly a storm arose. The
 Snowman started to shake and sway. He fell
 and was blown to smithereens. The mug, the
 radish and the letter fell on the snow.



The fox, who was chasing the hare, came
 back, running in anger.

"Where is the fellow who prevented me
 from catching the hare?"

He did not see anybody there. He could see
 only the letter lying on the snow.



The fox took the letter and left.



Then Bobby came back.

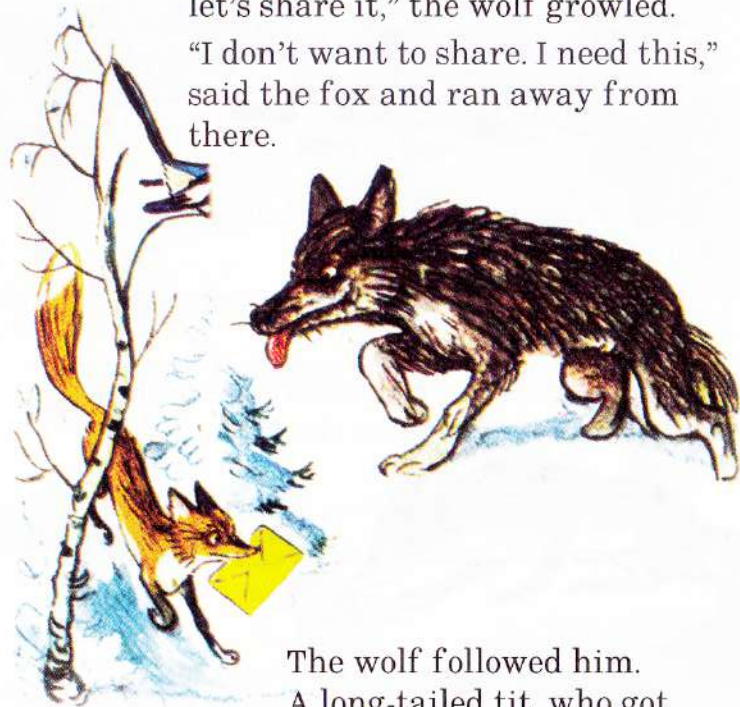
"Where is the Snowman?"

But there was no Snowman.

At this time, in another part of the forest, a wolf saw the fox.

"What is in your hands? Come on, let's share it," the wolf growled.

"I don't want to share. I need this," said the fox and ran away from there.



The wolf followed him.
A long-tailed tit, who got curious, flew after them.



Bobby started to cry. Some hares told him:
"You deserve it. Why did you scare us and make us run?"

"I won't drive you away any more. I won't scare you."



Bobby started to cry aloud.

"Don't cry. We will help you," the hares consoled him.

"And we'll help the hare," said some squirrels and joined them.





The hares started to make a new Snowman. The squirrels helped the hares. They put the mug again on his head. They made his eyes with black coals. In place of his nose, they stuck the radish.

"Thank you for getting me up again," said the Snowman. "Now help me find Snow Gramp," he requested them.



They took him to the bear.
He was asleep in his den. With great effort, they woke him up. The Snowman told him the whole story about the kids' letter to Snow Gramp.

"Letter? Where is the letter?" the bear growled.

Yes, the letter! Where was the letter? It was not to be seen.





"Snow Gramp won't give you the fir without the letter. Better go back home. I'll see you to the edge of the forest."

Suddenly, the long-tailed tit flew in from somewhere.

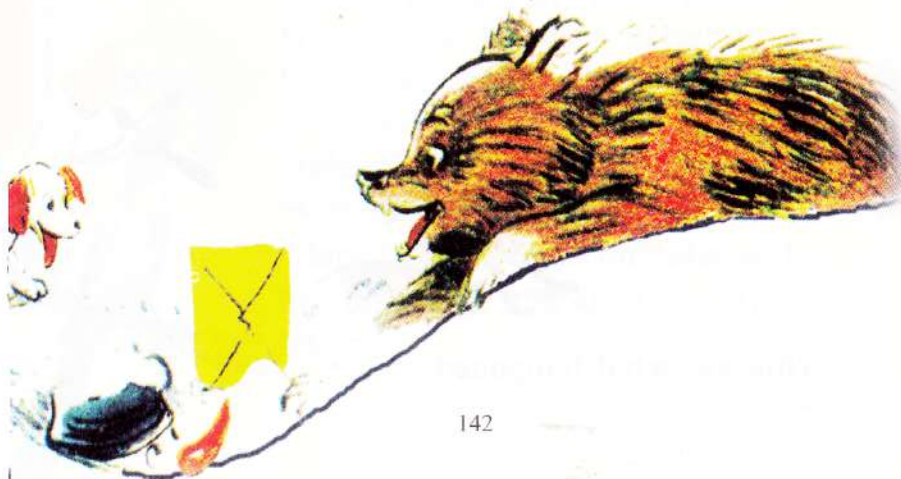
"Here! Here is the letter," she said. She told them how she found the letter.



This was what happened.



Armed with the letter, all of them went to Snow Gramp. The Snowman was in a great hurry. He rolled down the hill, fell into pits and stumbled on stumps. He would have been blown to bits, if the bear had not held him in time.



Finally, they found Snow Gramp. He read the letter and said:
"Why were you late? Can you now deliver the fir before the start of the New Year?"

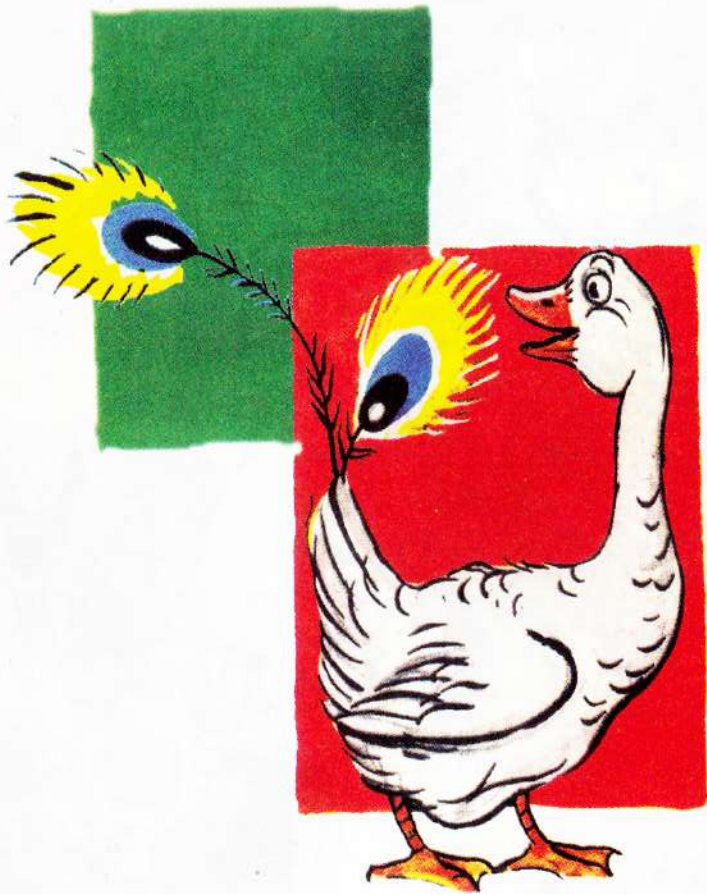




Everyone argued for the Snowman. They explained all that had happened. Snow Gramp gave the Snowman his horse-cart and he rushed off with the fir tree. The bear went to his home to hibernate till spring.



Next day morning the Snowman was found in the same old place. There was just this difference: Instead of the letter, he had in his hand a fir tree.



Duck Duck Goose



Goose looked just like every other goose, but she longed to be different. She was jealous of other kinds of birds, except for ducks. They looked too much like geese to interest her.

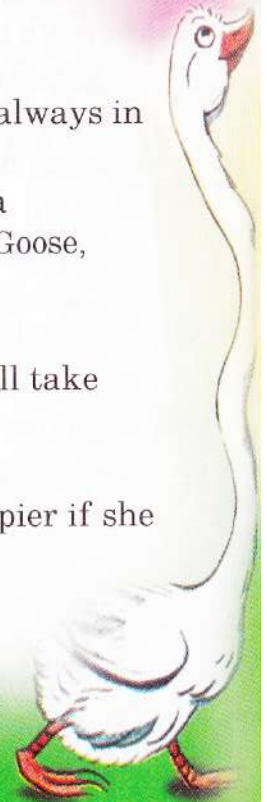
No one liked her, because she was always in a very bad mood.

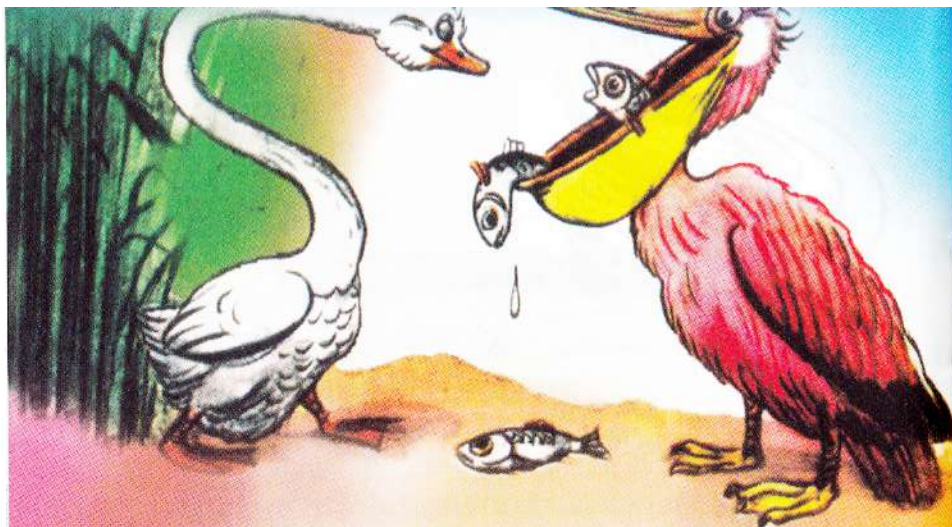
One day Goose saw Swan. If I had a beautiful neck like that, thought Goose, everybody would want to be me.

"Swan, would you take my neck? I'll take yours," said Goose.

Swan thought Goose would be happier if she got what she wanted.

So they exchanged necks.





Pelican saw Goose and started to laugh.
"What are you? You are not a goose and you are not a swan!"

Goose wanted to hiss at Pelican, but then she saw Pelican's beak. If only I had such an unusual beak, thought Goose.

"Pelican, would you take my beak? I'll take yours," said Goose. Goose will look even funnier with my beak, thought Pelican. So they exchanged beaks.

Goose began to like swapping.

She switched legs with Stork. "Stork, would you take my legs? I'll take yours," said Goose.



"You will be a better swimmer. I will be the tallest bird around. Finally everyone will look up to me." So they exchanged legs.

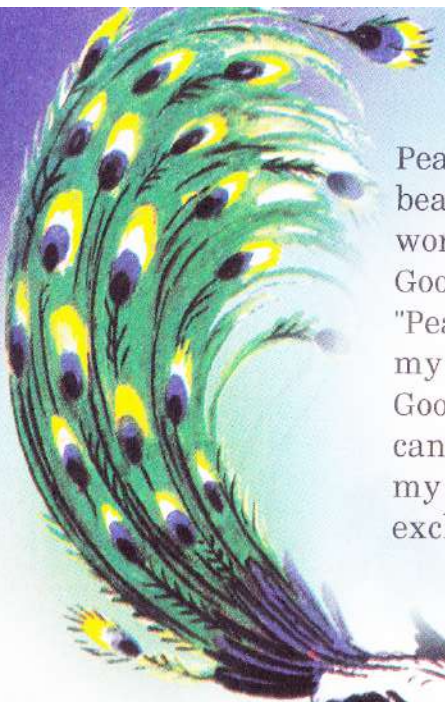


Crow has such shiny black wings, thought Goose. They will make me pretty.

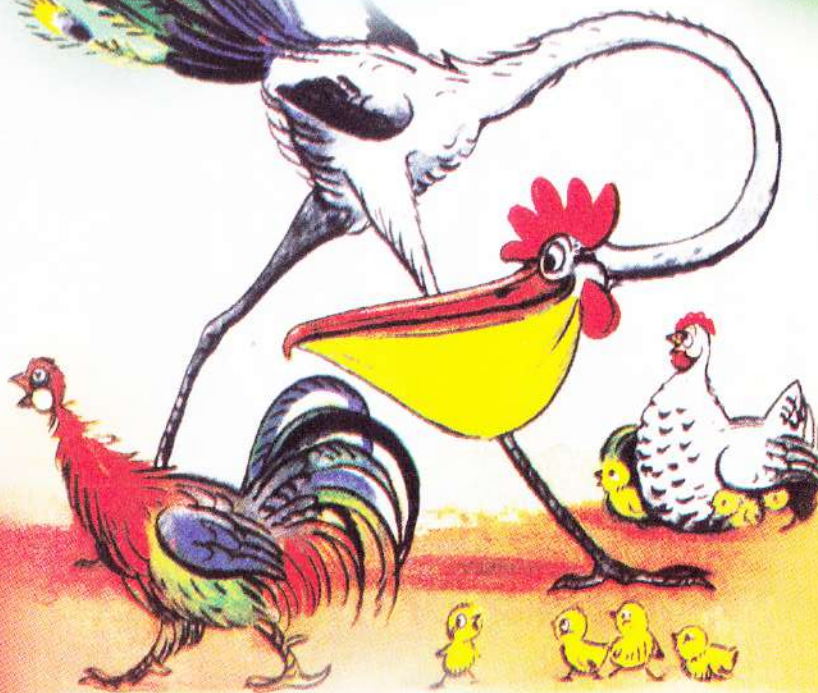
"Crow, would you take my wings? I'll take yours," said Goose. So they exchanged wings.

A kind Rooster offered Goose his red comb, plus his "Cock a-doodle-doo." Goose accepted gladly.

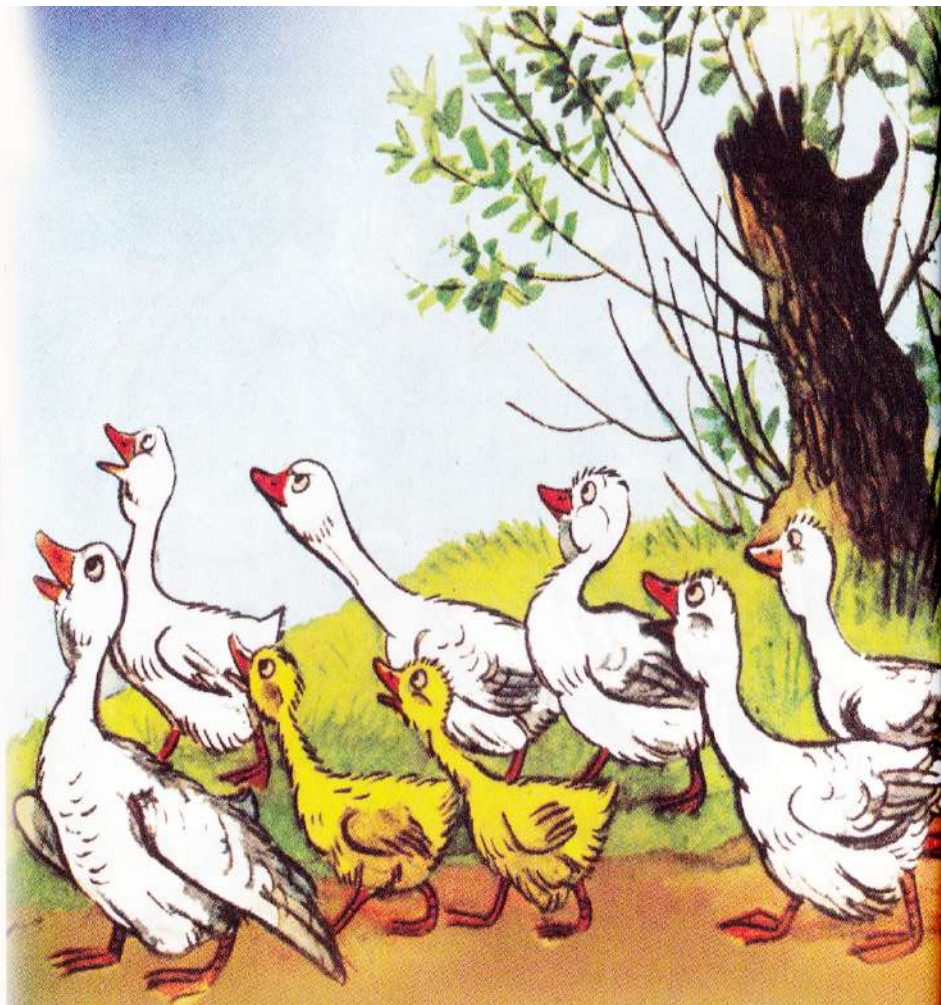




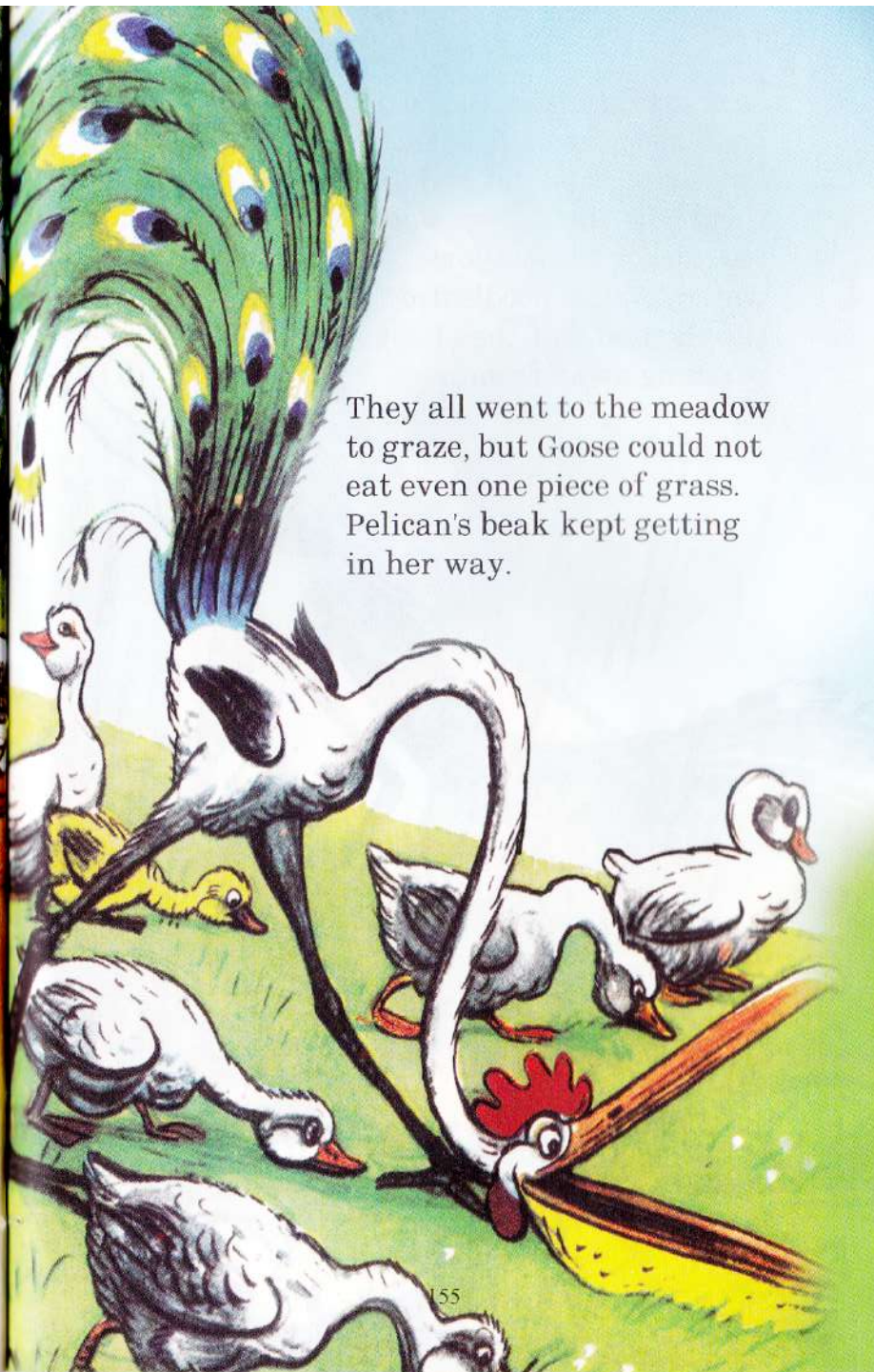
Peacock is the most beautiful bird in the world because of his tail, Goose thought. I want it! "Peacock, would you take my tail? I'll take yours," Goose suggested. "You can fly much better with my small tail." So they exchanged their tails.



Now Goose did not look like any other bird. Goose proudly showed them her new neck, new beak, new legs, new comb, new wings, and beautiful new tail. I am a goose-a-doodle-doo!" crowed Goose. "I am the best!" "Well, if you really are a goose, you can come with us," said the geese, although they didn't quite believe her.

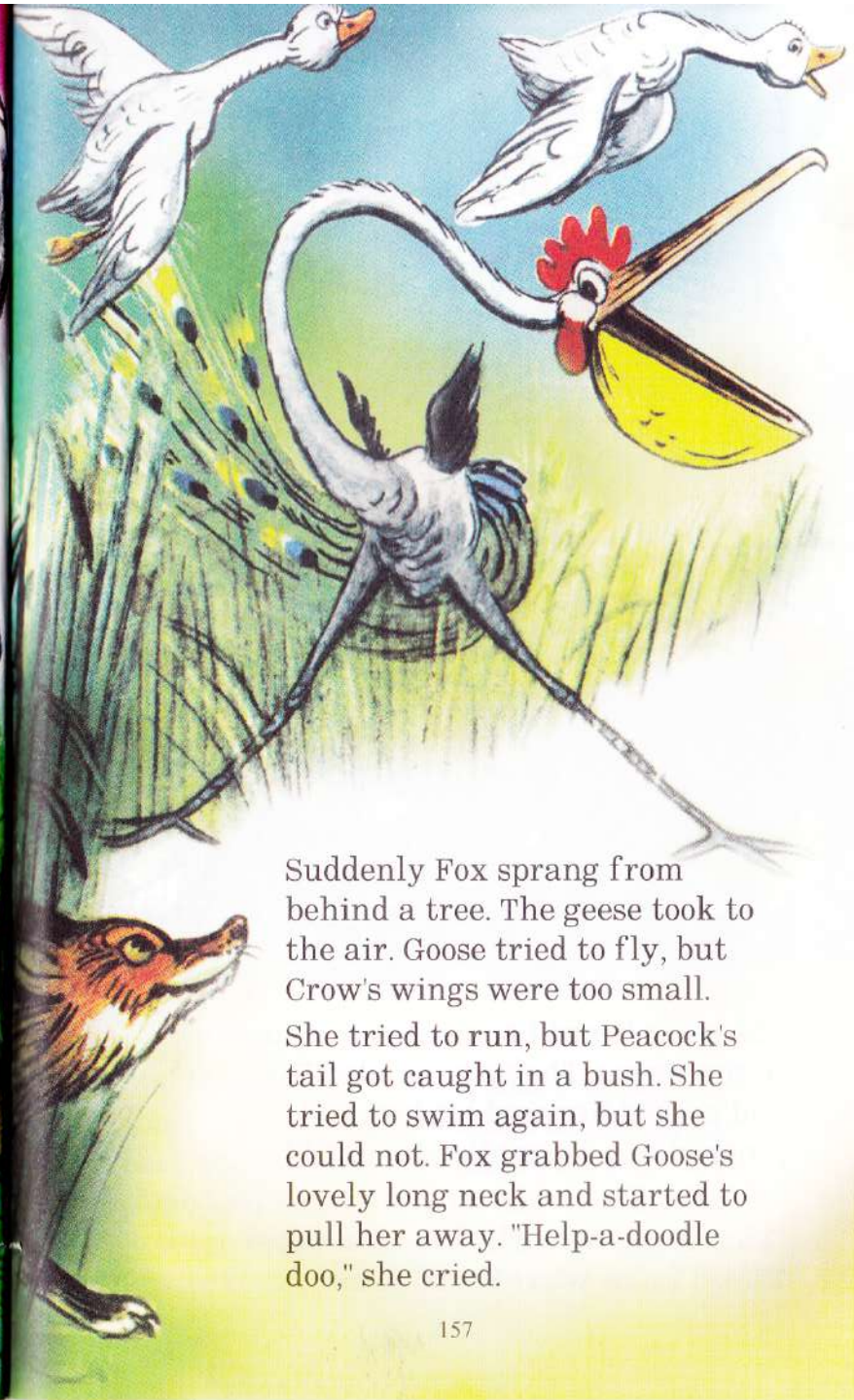
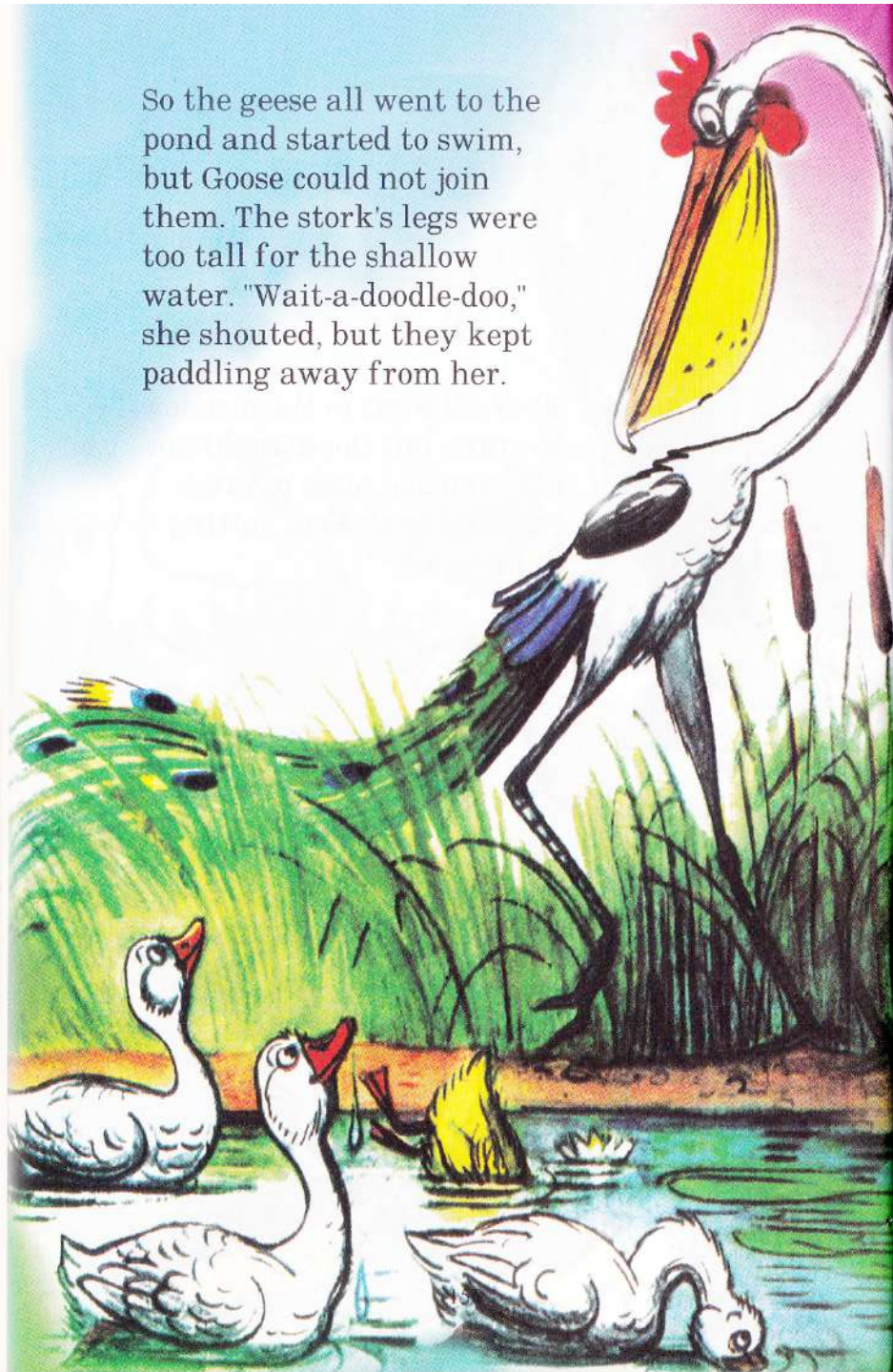


"What kind of bird is that?" cried all the geese in surprise.



They all went to the meadow to graze, but Goose could not eat even one piece of grass. Pelican's beak kept getting in her way.

So the geese all went to the pond and started to swim, but Goose could not join them. The stork's legs were too tall for the shallow water. "Wait-a-doodle-doo," she shouted, but they kept paddling away from her.



Suddenly Fox sprang from behind a tree. The geese took to the air. Goose tried to fly, but Crow's wings were too small. She tried to run, but Peacock's tail got caught in a bush. She tried to swim again, but she could not. Fox grabbed Goose's lovely long neck and started to pull her away. "Help-a-doodle doo," she cried.

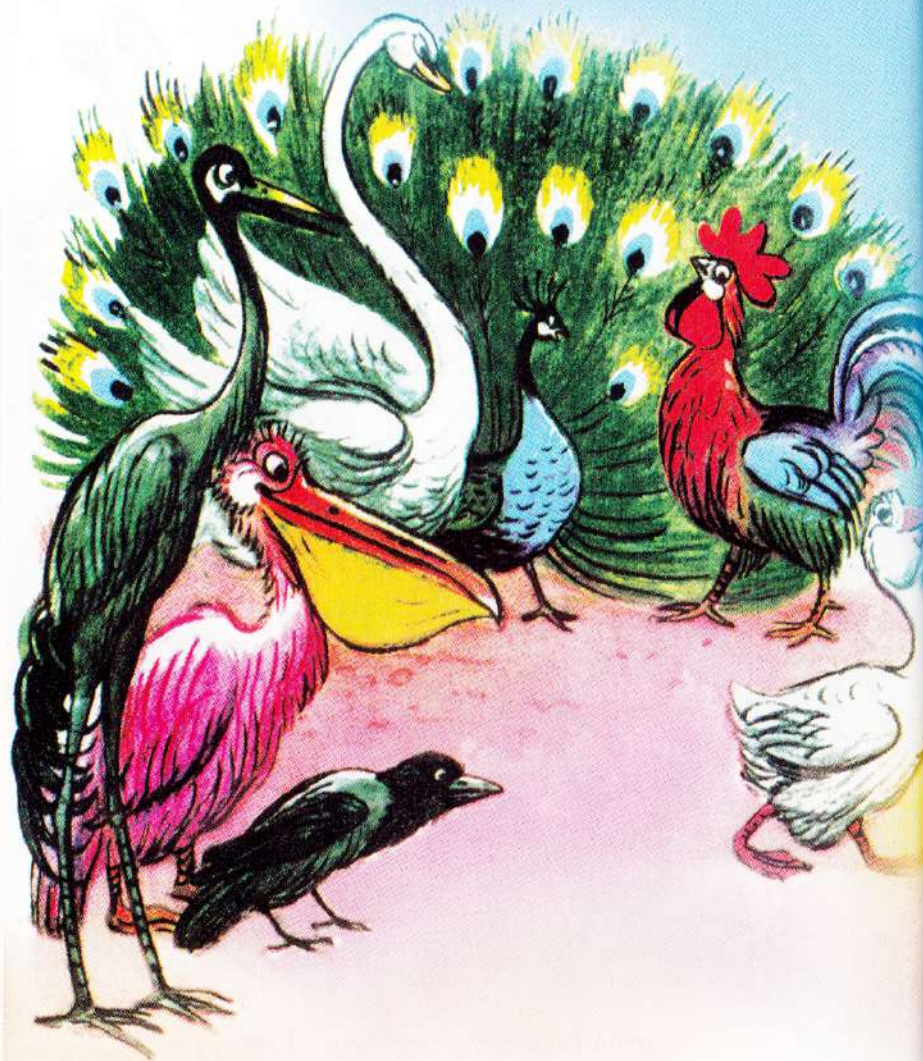


The geese heard her cries and came to the rescue. They surrounded Fox and pecked him and bit him and pinched him from all sides until he let Goose go.

"Thank-you-a-doodle-doo!" said Goose.
 "Now I know what I need to do."



She found Swan and switched necks. She found Pelican and switched beaks. She gave back Stork's long legs. She returned his red comb and "Cock-a-doodle-doo" to the kind Rooster. Finally she switched tails with Peacock.



Crow begged to keep Goose's large wings, but Goose said she needed them back. Now she looked like every other goose. Only she was smarter, kinder, and happier. And still prettier than a duck!